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The Last Days of David Livingstone.

('Friendly Greetings.')

On February 14, 1873, David Livingstone had written in his journal, 'If the good Lord gives me favor, and permits me to finish my work, I shall thank and bless him, though it has cost me untold toil, pain, and travel; this trip has made my hair all gray.' There is just a trace of misgiving and anxiety in these words. Yet more than a month later, on March 25, when he must have been weaker and more worn out, the old indomitable spirit

HE WAS KNEELING BY THE SIDE OF THE BED.

appears. 'Nothing earthly will make me give up my work in despair. I encourage myself in the Lord my God, and go forward.'

But the end was not far off. On April 19 he says: 'I am excessively weak, and but for the donkey could not move a hundred yards.' Two days later he was unable to ride or sit up, and fell to the ground exhausted. He was carried forward in a kind of litter, or rude palanquin, for eight days more, suffering excruciating pains, as well as oppressed by weakness.

On the 29th they halted at Chitambo's village, on the south side of Lake Bangweolo, and a little hut was built expressly for him by his faithful followers. A fire was lighted outside, nearly opposite the door, and the boy, Majwara, slept just within, to attend to his master's wants in the night. The next day he was too exhausted even to speak. The men silently went to their huts, except those whose turn it was to keep watch. They sat round the fire, all feeling that the end must be near.

About 11 p.m. Susi was told to go to his master. There was at that moment loud shouts in the distance, and the doctor said to Susi as he entered, 'Are our men making that noise?' Susi told him that it was some of the villagers scaring away a buffalo from their fields.

A few minutes later, and evidently wandering, he said, 'Is this the Luapula?' Susi told him they were in Chitambo's village, and then he was silent again for a while. Again speaking to Susi, he said, 'How many days is it to the Luapula?' 'I think it is three days, master,' replied Susi.

A few seconds after, as if in great pain, he half sighed, half said, 'Oh, dear, dear!' and then dozed off again. An hour or so afterwards he said, in a low feeble voice, 'All right, you can go now.' These were the last words he was heard to speak.

It must have been about 4 a.m. (May 1) that Susi heard the boy's step once more. 'Come to master,' he said; 'I am afraid; I don't know if he is alive.' The lad's evident alarm made Susi run to alarm Chuma, and the other four attendants, and all went immediately to the hut.

Passing inside they looked towards the bed. Dr. Livingstone was not lying upon it, but appeared to be engaged in prayer, and they drew backwards for an instant. Pointing to him, the boy said, 'When I lay down he was just as he is now, and it is because I find that he does not move that I fear he is dead.'

They asked the boy how long he had slept. He said he could not tell; but it was for some long time. The men drew nearer. A candle, stuck by its own wax to the top of the box, shed a light sufficient for them to see his form. He was kneeling by the side of the bed, his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands upon the pillow.

For a minute they watched him; he did not stir, there was no sign of breathing. Then one of the men, Matthew, advanced softly to him, and placed his hands to his cheeks. It was sufficient; life had been extinct some time, and the body was almost cold. Livingstone was dead.

The faithful negroes, Jacob Wainwright, Chuma, and Susi, 'the Nasik boys,' almost as soon as they knew that their master was dead, determined that his body must be borne, at all hazards, to Zanzibar. There would be much labor, and possibly much peril; but it does not appear that it occurred to them to act otherwise than they did.

Finding some one who had skill in preparing the dead for removal, after burying the heart and other parts at Ilala, they got the body dried or mummified, wrapped in calico, surrounded by bark, with an outside covering of sailcloth. Finally, the whole was tarred, and lashed to a pole, so as to be carried by two bearers.

How sickness attacked the caravan soon after it started, and detained it for another month on the shores of the pestilential lake; how they crossed the great river Luapula—which Livingstone inquired after in his last half-unconscious moments—and found it there nearly four miles wide; how, the natives opposing their advance, they had to fight their way at times, and then to reach the southern end of Lake Tanganyika, thence striking a direct route to Unyanyembe, route never till then traversed by white men, and easier than the circuitous route followed by Livingstone,—all these things and many others of thrilling interest, are recounted in the closing pages of his 'Last Journals.'

From Zanzibar the embalmed remains of the traveller were brought to South-

ampton, and then conveyed to the rooms of the Royal Geographical Society, in Saville Row. Here an examination was made by Sir William Fergusson, in presence of other medical men, including Livingstone's old friend Dr. Loudon, of Hamilton, for identification of the body. On examining the arm fractured by the lion, the false joint was displayed, which had been recognized by those who had seen its condition in former days.

'The first glance,' says Sir William Fergusson, 'set my mind at rest, and that, with the further examination, made me as positive as to the identification of these remains, as that there has been among us in modern times one of the greatest men of the human race—David Livingstone.'

On Saturday, April 18, 1874, the remains were laid in their last resting-place, among the illustrious dead in Westminster Abbey.

The following estimate of his character was given by Sir Bartle Frere:—'As a whole, the work of his life will surely be held up in ages to come as one of singular nobleness of design, and of unflinching energy and self-sacrifice in execution. I could hardly venture to describe my estimate of his character as a Christian better than by saying that I never met a man who fulfilled more completely my ideal of a perfect Christian gentleman—actuated in what he thought, and said, and did, by the highest and most chivalrous spirit, modelled on the precepts of his great Master and Exemplar.'

The Heart's Lullaby.

(Ophelia G. Burroughs, in the 'American Messenger.')

Quiet, my heart, thou needest not to fear,
The One who loves thee best is always near!
Why dost thou tremble, or with terror start?
Quiet, my heart!

Patience, my heart, although the night seems long,
The morning's joy will wake the glad, new song,
And then all shadows for thee shall depart:
Patience, my heart!

Courage, my heart, thy foes may press thee sore,
Yet thou shalt shout the victory o'er and o'er:
The shield of faith shall quench each fiery dart!
Courage, my heart!

Hope thou, my heart, fruition is at hand,
When all life's mysteries thou wilt understand;
And know the whole—no longer but in part:
Hope thou, my heart!

Rest thee, my heart, content with God's sweet will;
Delight thyself in Him. He will fulfil
All thy desires: for thou His treasure art!
Rest thee, my heart!

If smoking on the streets, street-cars and other public places is not a nuisance, there is no such thing as a nuisance. For no one can smoke in these public places without compelling those to imbibe the smoke who do not wish to do so,—and that, too, at second-hand, when it is doubly befouled.

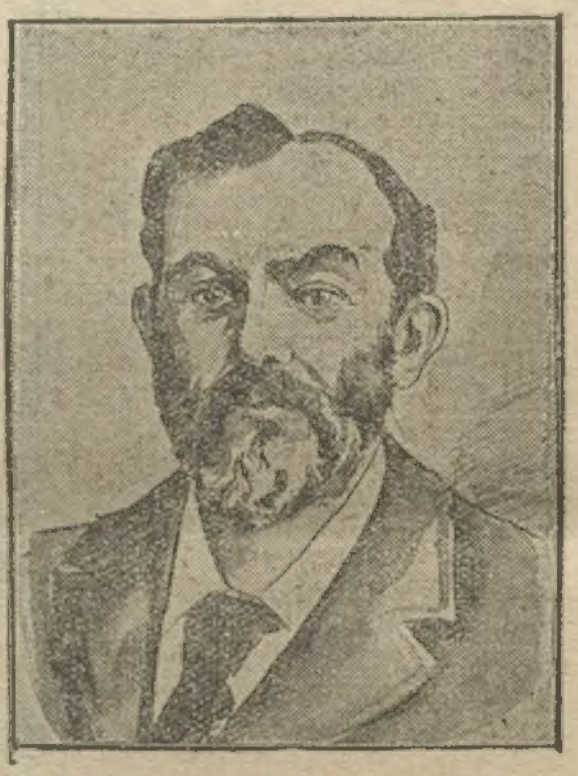
Drink and the Laboring Man.

GREAT ENGLISH LABOR LEADER'S SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CURE OF POVERTY.

('The New Voice.')

John Burns, the distinguished labor advocate and member of the English Parliament, recently delivered a speech remarkable for its keen appreciation of the drink curse as a fundamental cause of the misery and degradation of so large a percent of the laboring classes. Following are specially interesting portions of the address:

Friends and Fellow-citizens,—When last I addressed you, I spoke on the duties of citizenship. . . . To-night I speak to you upon 'Some Social Problems'—not only those questions that affect your material surroundings, such as physical environment, local needs, industrial troubles, and inequalities of social life, but I intend to deal not only with some burdens that are imposed upon you by past neglect and present mismanagement, but also with those burdens and grievances which you are partly responsible for, through the tastes you satisfy, the desires you gratify, the cravings you intensify, the difficulties your undisciplined conduct creates. . . . I am here to state the problem of London poverty as I see it, and to suggest to those who are, or will be, within its toils how best it can be overcome—yes, and three out of five in this hall will be, ere you die. The social problem in London is mainly begotten of poverty of means in the poor, poverty of ideas in the community, and perpetuates itself by these sordid and characteristic conditions. In this, the greatest, wealthiest, and presumably the best governed city in the world, we have a problem that demands much of the energy and wealth we are dissipating for less worthy causes in the outposts of the Empire. Solomon has said that 'the fool has his eyes in the ends of the earth.' That, by recent events, is lamentably true, as can now be easily seen in the past three years, which proves that there are too many fools in this country. The fact is there are 900,000 people in London living in overcrowded dwellings, of whom nearly 500,000 are living the life of the one-room tenement. . . . Beyond the remedies I have suggested—viz., parliamentary help by fair rent courts, building and municipal owning—the one supreme remedy is for the overcrowded to think more and drink less, of their own initiative to help reforms that will help themselves, to be persistent in rising upwards and not vigilant in sliding downwards, and to spend on the improvement of their lot, even on rent, what is now devoted to drink, betting and worse. . . . Making every allowance for environment affecting will and conduct, there are thousands of homes in London which are dirty because the dwellers are drunken, filthy because their tenants are foul, verminous because their tenants are as lazy as their landlords are exacting. . . . Go into some mean streets, where wages are under 30s. One home is clean, bright, attractive, and in the same street, with more money, and often more room, others are dirty, untidy, noisome in their conditions. Why? Because the workman works hard five days, but on the sixth is generally found at the 'Corner Pin,' spotting winners and catching losers.



JOHN BURNS.

Will can counteract environment just as 'men are the sport of circumstances when circumstances should be the sport of men.' See to it that, so far as you are concerned, the home, however humble, shall be the abode of men and women free from the curse of drink, and the chloroforming effect it has upon all who come within its power. It makes all the difference to the appearance of home whether a little soap, some love, and will are there or not. . . . But I deem it my duty to say that but for drink and its concomitant evils, our problem would be smaller and our remedies more effective. Drunkenness has increased from 428 per 100,000 to 674 per 100,000 in 1899. In London the number of apprehensions had increased from 20,658 in 1887, to 56,066 in 1899, or from 3 3-4 per 100,000 to 8 1-2 per 100,000. . . .

I believe that the best and most simple remedy for drink is abstinence, but this must be supplemented by local or legislative action. One drink-cursed district, Liverpool, has since 1889 added 78,000 to its population, reduced its police drunkenness cases from 16,000 to 4,180, its crime from 926 to 552 per 100,000, its policemen to 100, at a saving of £8,000 to the rates by the simple remedy of having got rid of 345 licensed premises in eleven years. If this is practicable in Liverpool, why not in London, where, owing too frequently to magistrates and police, a similar reduction has not been made? In London there are over 10,000 licensed premises, thickest in poor districts, sad alternatives to poor, dreary and overcrowding homes, sapping physique, as recruiting figures prove, undermining morality, impairing skill, deteriorating efficiency, stifling happiness, killing homes and breaking hearts. Four pounds per head of population or £20 per family, is the average of our swollen drink bill of £160,000,000 for the last year.

There was once, I am told, a merchant who came into his office smacking his lips, and said to his clerk, 'The world looks very different to the man who has had a good glass of brandy and soda in the morning.' 'Yes,' said the clerk, 'and the man looks different to the world, too.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Tsui Ching's Great Idea

(By Theodora Marshall Inglis, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

PART II.

To his wife's sullenness on this afternoon, Tsui paid little attention. Even the boy was forgotten while he evolved in his mind a scheme that had occurred to him in the night. Like his slender, supple fingers, his brain worked faster under cover of darkness. Night was always welcome to him. In it he forgot the day's petty achievements and there opened before his twisted moral vision a long vista of successful escapades and ill-gotten gains. This latest scheme he had been forced to continue during the daylight hours. As he sat weighing the matter, he concluded that he must work out his plan or starve; there was nothing else to be done. He rejected the idea of confessing his faults to his old and wronged employers and begging leave to start work anew on the untried basis of honesty. He had done this a few times and his old patrons had lost faith in him. No, that would not work again. He must accept this new scheme, involving as it did, risk and danger—still it was a very unique idea and one worthy of his brain.

He dwelt luxuriously on the thought, the possibility of success, involving as it did rich food, silk garments for himself and his boy. His wife? Of no importance she. He would not confide his plan to her. She was getting old and softhearted, strange ideas had been stirring in her brain. Once she had been emboldened to throw the dog a dish of stolen meat, in open defiance of his command to cook it. But she would hardly try that again—such a fine beating as he gave her and he had burned up her precious book that some missionary devil had given her. He had stopped her attendance at the mission services, too. Missions and missionaries! Working for love were they? Well, fools might believe them. They had wicked purposes, well he knew. Who but fools or villains would leave the home of their ancestors? What of the new customs they were trying to preach in Peking? The shining, two-wheeled devils they rode about Peking streets that went faster than the eye could wink. Ah, he had worked for them, he knew their tricks and all the evils that they had brought to China. There was the railway, of which he had heard so much but never seen, another invention of the evil foreign spirit. Oh, the precious, precious ancestral mounds that had been levelled to make room for this ribbed serpent, along whose back another monster crept, a great shrieking, fire-breathing monster, they said, that devoured all in its way. The country people could tell all about its depredations. They knew what made it so ravenous; it was the human bones that the foreigners had stolen from the desecrated mounds to help support the serpent. Ugh! this was easy enough to believe, when they would bury living Chinese infants under the serpent's ribs to make a smooth path for the other monster.

Then there were the foreign doctors, didn't they have secret drawers and huge black bottles full of human eyes, from which they concocted infamous medicines and fed the poor, foolish Chinese, who like idiots often professed to be healed of their ailments and in a very sickness of gratitude, took up with the foreigners; some even went far enough to accept the Jesus doctrine—that pernicious doctrine that bewitched so many and was slowly undermining the influence of both gods and ancestors. Pah! they were all turtles. With these most wicked of revilings on his lips, he called to his boy and they went into the room for their food.

Tsui's house consisted of one room, not larger than 8x12. The brick kang or bed occupied two-thirds of it,and the coal balls glowing in the kang fire hole, served to cook the food. Tsui's wife took from the fire an earthern dish of millet porridge, which she set on the kang before her son and husband. They squatted beside it and fell to eating greedily. The woman maintained her silence. She stood on the brick floor by the door waiting for them to finish. Then she could eat. Tsui himself was rather rigid in this matter of table etiquette and would not permit her to eat until his wants and the boy's were satisfied. But the wife's sullenness covered a restlessness of spirit. She hated her husband, of course. That was nothing, that was nothing. Thousands of Chinese women hated the men to whom they were given by their parents. She was glad, though, that her mother-in-law, in a fit of rage, had taken an overdose of opium and had died before she knew her. Truly there were strange ideas sifting through her brain, but widely different fom Tsui's.

She went out the door and walked around the corner of the house. After glancing furtively about to assure herself that she was unseen, she took from her upper garment a small paper pamphlet whose contents she studied laboriously but eagerly. Now and then she gave up her effort to wipe away the tears which fell from her softened eyes. The whole expression of her face had changed; pleasant lines appeared where harsh contractions had been and Tsui creeping around the corner scarcely recognized her. But when he did all the evil within him flared up; he rushed toward her, snatched her book, tore it into pieces and beat her cruelly.

'Hi! you would follow these foreign devils, would you? You would read their doctrines, would you? I'll beat you until you have neither face nor courage to bring another book here. What are you for anyway but to serve me and tend the boy? You—you—the mother of wretched girls!' Tsui's rage finally exhausted itself, and kicking his wife inside the door, he departed, muttering revilings and imprecations.

Mrs. Tsui had to cook no more food that day. She crawled, bruised and bleeding, upon the kang. The boy crept up beside her, laid his soft baby face against hers, rubbed it up and down, snuggled up in her arms and fell asleep, in some measure comforting her.

Tsui Ching did not return until nightfall. He came carrying a package, which he placed upon the kang. His wife and boy were rolled up at the other end. The boy was asleep and Mrs. Tsui, under pretense of being so, watched her husband's performance with interest.

He disrobed entirely, then taking a white substance, which in the dim candle-light, she recognized as lard, from the package, he anointed and rubbed his body with it until from crown to toe, he was sleek and shining. When he had satisfied himself he threw a long unlined cotton garment around his shoulders, took the remaining lard in his hand and departed.

She listened until his footsteps could no longer be heard. Then she sat up, took some torn fragments of reading matter from her bosom, bent her disfigured face towards the light and stammered audibly over the characters.

Outside, the night was cool; the moon had not risen, therefore, the street lamps could not be lighted, for 'who could see to light the lamps in the dark?'

Tsui Ching had left his own alley and was creeping stealthily along the great street that led to the big mission house. He heard the beating of the watchman's wooden drum and slipped into a dark corner as the watchman and his lantern bearer paraded past. Tsui Ching chuckled. Were the Chinese watchmen with their drums and lanterns, not good fellows to call out: 'Run, thieves, run! The watch is coming, don't you hear his drum and see his light?'

The street watchman gone, Tsui went on his way, slipped stealthily past several gateways within whose arches the stationary watchmen, wrapped in sheep skins, were comfortably sleeping but conscientiously performing their duty as guardians of the law. It was yet early, but he wished to get home again before the moon rose too high, for China skies are clear the winter through. The stars shine gloriously, and in the early night seem reflected in the myriads of moving points of light on the city streets, for every pedestrian, cart and donkey carried a lantern. But the lanterns are soon housed while the stars keep their watch the night through. When the tired and homesick soul grows weary of the surrounding filth and degradation in China, it can look up to the heavens and say: 'Here at least is something I have known before. These same stars shine down upon the old home. Perhaps some one looked up at them last night and said, "To-morrow you will shine upon her. Guard her, O stars, and take a message of love and good cheer!"' and the soul is comforted.

But Tsui Ching noticed the stars only to revile them. For his part, he would have torn them from their places, could the fingers of his natural antipathy have reached that high. He hurried along through the streets, keeping close to the shop fronts and clutching his light garment about his naked and shivering loins—shivering more from excitement than from cold. For the first time in years the brand on his shoulder burned and stung him, and his anticipations of success were sadly interrupted by memories of that awful day when the burning of his own flesh stank in his nostrils and the red iron seemed piercing to his heart.

Old Father Paul had knelt long in the starlight. The title of 'Father' had been given to him as to one beloved, and for forty years of service on the mission field, not because he differed from Protestant faith. His form gleamed shadowy in the dim starlight room. The piercing black eyes, quick to reprove and console, were closed and his long white hair, falling forward, half concealed the massive outline of his features.

There were so many things to be prayed for—the hospitals, the schools, the homes, the zeal and courage of his helpers, some

of whom were growing despondent through long residence amid discouraging scenes. He, as others, had hoped much from the promised reforms of the young Emperor, but all in a few short days, these plans were overthrown, and the chief workers and sympathizers with the reform movement beheaded or fled into exile. The church had been first to feel the shock, because of the renewed hostility toward foreigners. Many of the old church members feared to attend the services, while the partially converted fell away altogether. Affairs were less hopeful than for years. Oh, there was much to be prayed for, but body and soul were weary, he would rest a little, then rise for further supplication. He threw himself dressed upon the bed.

An hour later he awakened suddenly with the impression of having overslept. He lay quietly, wondering how long it had been. Gradually he became conscious that he was not alone in his room. He heard the faint rustle of papers on his desk, the sound of a drawer stealthily drawn out and the accidental shuffle of bare feet on the straw matting. By intuition, he knew that the thief was moving away from the desk. Father Paul felt suddenly strong. Without a word, he sprang forward in the direction of the open window. But what did he touch? Something warm, slippery, human. His hand slipped from the object. Again he grappled,again the creature jerked lightly from his grasp and sprang through the window. Father Paul followed. The moon was rising and the old minister saw that he was pursuing the naked figure of a man. Tsui Ching it was, and his garment he had left behind him. With a few agile bounds, he cleared the courtyard and started to scramble up the wall. But Father Paul was after him. He jumped and caught the thief's foot, dodging Tsui's frantic kicks for freedom.

Father Paul clung like grim death and called lustily for help. Again and again he called, but it seemed that the whole compound was asleep never to awaken. Tsui Ching placed his hope in the natural cowardice of his countrymen, nor did he reason without cause. The servants were just appearing in trembling fashion, when Tsui gripped the top of the wall with renewed strength—gave a desperate, mighty kick backwards, which sent Father Paul to the earth, and then he was away.

Down the street he fled, past the sleeping watchmen, dodging into corners. Thus he reached his own court in the same garb that he had worn upon his entrance into the world.

His wife was still rolled up by the boy, asleep, he thought. Cursing under his breath, he hurriedly scrambled into his padded winter garments, gathered up a few belongings, tied them in a square of blue calico, then gave his wife an ungentle knock in the head. She roused and stared stupidly at him.

Clutching her by the throat and shaking her frowsy head from side to side he fairly hissed: 'I tell you I'm caught—my garment is up there at the devil's mission. To-morrow they'll be after me. I'll be put in the yamen and tortured to death. Lie about me—do you hear! Some day I'll come back for the boy. I may come back at any time—and don't let me find you with a book. Until then, look out for yourself, you worthless one—you vile disgrace to ancestors!'

With this pleasant farewell he departed. His wife fell back gasping for breath. But even then she thought, 'Tsui is gone! Tsui is gone!' The man who had forced her to such depths of vileness and self-abasement! Her married life had been but a succession of beatings and abuse. If Tsui only spoke the truth. Now for a time at least she was free from persecution: 'Free,' she shook her head slowly from side to side, denying the possibility of it ever to herself.

Meanwhile Tsui—where was he? Lurking about the great South city gate, waiting for the break of dawn when he could get out and flee to the open country. Yes, he was there and the massive iron gates had barely swung open until he squeezed through and was off.

Three hours later, with truly Chinese procrastination, the Tingers, of mounted police, went galloping over the city in search of the thief. No trace of him could they find. Out in the open country a desperate fugitive hurried on and on. He was possessed with unreasoning terror. The awful day of his first punishment was upon him. The brand it seemed, must burn through his garments. Unwittingly he reached the railway. He reached it, walked upon it, but in his fright failed to recognize the object at which he had railed and cursed so often. Suddenly he felt the earth quake beneath his feet. An unearthly shriek pierced through the air. He looked back over his shoulder. Horrors! What gigantic monster was that pursuing him? Nearer and nearer it roared, he could almost feel its fiery breath; it hissed into his ears. He started to run,—in the agony of his fear keeping to the track. Again the monster shrieked forth its warning. Faster he went, stumbling, gasping, with arms outstretched for help.

Once more he glanced backward, his torn sandal caught in the ties and he fell, with face upturned. The engine shrieked with escaping steam. The long train creaked and rumbled. Just as well, perhaps, for it drowned Tsui Ching's death groan and the sound of crunching bone.

The thin blue garment with its peculiar sleeve bands was brought after a few days to Mrs. Tsui for identification. She was not punished, however, for her husband's misdeeds. The officials wished to hold her as one having knowledge of the criminal's whereabouts, but Father Paul recognizing her as an infrequent attendant at the mission was convinced of her innocence, and succeeded in persuading the yamen authorities to drop the affair. She repaid him a thousand fold by dropping at his feet, begging permission to attend his services and accept the 'Jesus doctrine.' She showed to him the fragments of the gospel which she had read with such difficulty and under persecution. Good Father Paul, much moved, took her case before his helpers, and Mrs. Tsui and her boy were removed to the mission property and she was given work sufficient for self-support.

Of Tsui Ching she never heard, nor did any others, for his crushed and mangled body was beyond recognition, and was thrown into a shallow grave.

For many months she waited in fearful expectations of his coming. Happily for her, the 'hai tsi' was a good child and the new order of cleanliness and contentment worked wonders with him as with his mother. Often in their new home, when the day was finished and the boy lay fast asleep upon the kang, Mrs. Tsui busied herself studying out the characters in her beloved gospel of John. She never did so but the sound of a passing footstep would cause her heart to beat fast in terror. Involuntarily she would thrust her book into the bosom of her garment, as in the days when Tsui beat her for her study of the Jesus doctrine. But the footsteps invariably passed on and died away in the darkness and distance. She often longed for some special opportunity to prove her allegiance to Christ and this desire prepared her for a worse persecution than Tsui Ching's—it prepared her for the terrible massacre of 1900—when she with thousands of other Chinese Christians laid down their lives for the sake of the Master.

(The End.)

(For the 'Messenger.'

A Memorable Sacrament

The bright sun streaming through the manse window cheered the heart of the old minister. He knew crowds would attend the services. His oldest elder said that never had he seen such a large gathering at the 'sacrament' as they had had the two previous days, and Sunday, if fine, was always the climax. He had been disappointed in getting any of his brother ministers to help him, and his only assistant was a theological student. He was a strongly built athletic young man, with a fine open countenance, in which could be seen courage and determination. He was well liked by the people and was to preach the English sermon in the tent, while the pastor gave the Gaelic sermon in the church. Such was the custom in the Gaelic speaking congregations.

In their expectation of a large crowd they were not disappointed. The church and tent were filled and many could not get in at all. The student seeing this, decided to preach in the open air. The people seated themselves on the green sward in the shelter of the grove that grew near the church. In his discourse he pictured life as a voyage across a sea abounding in shoals and hidden rocks, when great care and vigilance was necessary to get safely into the desired haven. His prayer was singularly beautiful. In it he used these words, which the people practically noted and afterwards remembered: 'Grant that we may save some who are shipwrecked and thrown on our shores at our very doors.' He hesitated, did not finish the sentence and went on to a new thought.

By the afternoon a strong wind had sprung up and was increasing to a gale. The sky threatened a storm. A vessel was seen off the coast, steering as though making for the Strait of Canso, but suddenly she changed her course, in order to make some harbor before the storm became too severe. The people of N— L—, P. E. Island, watched her. It was soon clear that she was making into that harbor.

It was the fishing vessel 'Minnie May,' with eighteen men on board. Young Capt. H—— was at the helm. He had never been in that harbor before. The only old sailor on board was 'Old Sol,' as he was called. He knew the harbor well. 'Keep her off,' he roared to the captain, for they could scarcely make themselves heard. 'Keep her off; when you see the sea "cobblin" up there is a sand-bar that runs out.' 'So does your tongue run out too far,' replied the captain, angrily. 'I

guess I can steer.' With tremendous force the ship that had been running before the strong wind, struck the sand-bar, throwing the men off their feet. The seas washed over the decks, and the water rushed into the cabin as the loosened planks gave way. The men sprang to the rigging. They were all young except Sol. They were terrified. Crowds collected on the shore; it was just below the church. The cries from the men in the rigging were terrible to hear over the wild roar of the storm. 'For God's sake, save us. Save us!' It 'was hard to die so near the land.

The banks of the island at that place are very high and steep. 'No boat can be lowered over that bank,' thought Sol to himself, as he stood on the wave-washed deck holding on to the rigging. The captain stood like a statue grasping the wheel. But yes—some daring men were trying it. The banks were wet with the spray dashing high up in the air, and the red clay was slipping like grease. They were trying to lower a boat down that bank! One false step and men and boat would be precipitated to almost certain destruction. It was got down at last. Again and again the attempt was made to launch her, but every time she was dashed back with tremendous violence. 'Tell them we can do nothing,' shouted the leader to the student, who was standing half way up the slippery bank with a coil of rope in his hand and his clothes covered with mud. He had helped them with the boat. Through a trumpet he shouted to the men on the wreck 'We can do nothing to save you. God alone can.' It fell like a death sentence.

Among the crew were three brave young men, powerful swimmers. They determined to make an attempt to save themselves and the crew. Each fastened tightly a string around the bottom of his oil cloth trouser legs, a belt around his waist, and strings around his sleeves. Then tieing one end of a rope to the ship they threw the coil in the jolly boat, which had its side smashed when the ship struck, and launched it. They had scarcely left the vessel when the boat began to fill. A large wave struck her and she was swamped. Those on the vessel and on the shore now forgot everything else through fear for these men. They could not be seen over the heaving billows except now and again when borne on the crest of a high wave. For a time they lost sight of them altogether. At last one was seen clinging to the rock at the foot of the almost perpendicular bank.. Those on the vessel alone could see him. They pointed and shouted wildly, but those on shore could not hear what they said. The receding wave drew him under again. To get a better view the student sprang on a rock that stood out in a precarious manner and seemed as though very little would send it into the sea below. Here he caught sight of the man below him as he disappeared the second time. He shouted and waved to the others to come to his assistance. The next wave again threw the swimmer against the bank. Quick as a flash the student threw him the rope. By this time some men were there and drew him up. Forming a line up the bank they passed him carefully up one to the other. He was exhausted and bruised, but recovered.

A party of girls and young women had watched the ship from the sand-bar, going out to the very edge of the water. While all attention was fastened on the incident related, one of the other men was trying to reach the bar. The water 'cobbling' up prevented him. He struggled bravely. The girls caught sight of him and screamed for help, but no men were near. He had grasped the mud of the bar. If he could only get hold of something solid! His hold was giving way. He was slipping back again into that relentless wave. As if by inspiration the girls grasping hands rushed along the bar through the water. They were just in time to catch his hand as he was sinking. The waves dashed over them. Some were thrown off their feet, but they were held up by the others, and after a brave struggle, through drenched with the waves and filled with mud and sand, they brought the drowning man to safety. A shout went up from the men who had run to their assistance, and those on the ship waved their hands, while the warm congratulations and praise from friends and parents, and gratitude from the one rescued more than repaid them for the danger and exposure they had suffered. They were the heroines of the country side.

The third man was seen clinging to the jolly boat. It was being carried in to the shore. A big wave picked it up and hurled it high on the beach. In some miraculous way known only to him who holds the sea in the hollow of his hand, the man escaped with a broken leg and some severe bruises. One of the crew of the life-boat saw the rope floating in the water. He boldly plunged in and watching his chance succeeded in bringing it to land. By means of it they were now able to launch the life-boat. The sea had gone down some with the ebbing of the tide. All were saved, but none too soon. Before the sun set little remained to mark the spot where the trim little vessel, the 'Minnie May,' had been.

The student's prayer was answered in a way he little dreamed.

A. J. W. MYERS.

Lake Verd, P.E.I.

The Story of a White Lie.

(By D. H. Talmadge, in 'Good Cheer.')

Once upon a time a boy told a lie. Many boys have done the same thing, but this was a certain, particular boy who has since become a man of considerable prominence in his profession and in the councils of a great political party.

The lie was not an extraordinary one. In fact, it was forgotten by him almost as soon as it was uttered. It entailed no injustice to any one. It merely freed him at the time from an embarrassing situation. He was an errand boy in a lawyer's office, and he told his employer he had performed some inconsequential duty which he had not performed. He performed it immediately afterwards. No one was the wiser, he thought. He deluded himself with the idea that he had done quite a smart thing. He was pleased with himself.

Twenty years later he was a candidate for the office of State Treasurer. All indications pointed to his election. The opposition party went over his record with exceeding care, and were forced to admit that there was nothing in it upon which to build political capital. They virtually conceded his success, although the vote was very close. Therefore they were greatly astonished when it was found that he alone of all the candidates upon the ticket was defeated. He, too, was astonished and chagrined. He could not understand it.

Some time afterwards he chanced to be in the city where as a boy, like Sir Joseph Porter, he had served a term with an attorney's firm. Naturally, he called upon his former employer, and spent an hour in that gentleman's private office talking over old times and new before a cheerful fire. At the close of that hour he had something to ponder over.

The conversation had drifted into politics, and his former employer, with whose gray hairs had come affluence and influence, referred delicately to the results of the recent election.

'I have a confession to make to you, my boy,' he said, after the other had expressed his inability to account for the defeat he had sustained. 'I think I can tell you why it was. You may be angry when you hear it, but you have too much sense, I think, to accuse me of treachery in the premises. Twenty years ago you lied to me. You have probably forgotten the circumstance. I never had the confidence in you afterwards that I had before you did it. I could not justify myself in voting for you. I told myself and my friends that you were not qualified entirely for the treasuryship. The tendency to dishonesty which you had manifested was one which, in that position, might become dangerous both to yourself and the State. I could not declare myself against you. The opposition papers would have failed, intentionally or otherwise, to understand my motives. They would have exaggerated the charge, and the consequences would have been such that your reputation might never have been fully recovered. I did not tell you what I intended to do, because it was unnecessary. It would have made no difference.'

The other, very red in the face, listened to the end. He arose excitedly, and his lips moved as though he were about to speak. But he restrained himself. He stood for a moment, looking into the face of his defeater. Then, impetuously, he extended his hand and left the room.

Visitors to a certain law office in a Western city observe, with some amusement, a motto which hangs over the senior partner's desk. It reads, 'Honesty "is" the Best Policy.' 'I had it made to order,' says the lawyer, when questioned; 'I wished it to express a conviction, so I had the "is"' italicized.' This motto is the visible result of the interview between the senior partner and his former employer.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Oct., 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

A man who was told by his physician that he could be cured of a serious disease if he would give up smoking, looked long at his cigar and slowly replied: 'Doctor, I believe I could give up drinking if I really set myself to do it, but I can't give up this,' and he pointed to his cigar. 'Very well,' said his physician, 'get another doctor and die.' The man did both.

A Betrayal of Confidence.

(By Mrs. M. Bourchier Sanford, in New York 'Observer.')

'It interests me to watch the way that business is run, and to speculate about how long it will continue running,' said one young woman to another. Her voice was clear and penetrating, and, notwithstanding the clatter of the restaurant, her remarks might have been audible to the lunchers at any of the surrounding tables. A neighbor at her own table could not avoid hearing.

'I venture to predict that X. Y. Z. will fail in four months at the latest, and then where shall we be?' responded her companion.

The couple had already mentioned by name several persons connected with a well-known firm; and they proceeded to criticize the business methods, or, according to their judgment, the lack of method of the principal member; they discussed his occasional successful ventures, which were offset by mistakes; his brilliant but erratic course; and the mistaken confidence of a public that believed in the good standing of the house. They were evidently employees of the firm, with opportunities for such discussion in the seclusion of their own apartments; and the involuntary listener could discover no reason for such confidential communications in a public place, except the desire to display conversational power and superiority of judgment.

A lad who was in the office of a stock broker, and who made some revelations to a companion regarding the private affairs of his employer, requesting him not to repeat anything lest his informant should get the 'grand bounce,' was not aware that a friend of his master was seated at the next table. This friend considered it his duty to inform the broker, and the youth received the 'grand bounce' immediately.

According to an amended section of the Code of Civil Procedure, which relates to privileged communications to lawyers:

'An attorney or counsellor at law shall not be allowed to disclose a communication made by his client to him, or his advice given thereon, in the course of his professional employment, nor shall any clerk, stenographer, or other person employed by such attorney or counsellor be allowed to disclose any such communications or advice given thereon.'

Though a pledge of secrecy is not exacted from clerks, stenographers, and employees in every line of business, those who are conscientious, respect the moral obligation, and do not repeat information that would never have come to their knowledge had they not been placed in positions of trust. But, unhappily, many young people in business life discuss the affairs of their employers not only in their homes, but in public places, as in restaurants, street cars, and concert halls, and appear to be unaware that they are guilty of a gross breach of faith.

The trained nurse of the sick is necessarily the recipient of many confidential communications, and through her position in the household often learns heretofore carefully guarded family secrets. There is an unwritten code of honor among nurses in general that forbids them to reveal any such professional confidences; and members of the Guild of St. Barnabas for Nurses are pledged to avoid gossip concerning the private affairs of patients.

The question of faithfulness in regard to an employer's confidence affects all ranks and conditions of working people, from the young girl in domestic service, or the dressmaker's assistant, to the young man or woman in more responsible office.

Thoughtlessness is sometimes pleaded as an excuse for the betrayal of a confidence; but a true sense of honor would surely prohibit such thoughtlessness. A man's loss is equally great if his property is injured by the carelessness of another, or by malicious intention. And an employee has no more justification for betraying confidential communications than he has for giving away the money that may be entrusted to his hands.

Waiting.

('Friendly Greetings.')

Nothing, perhaps, is so trying as waiting. In times of trouble or anxiety, it is always a relief to be obliged to be busy; actions take our thoughts off and effect a relief that, in some cases, can only be given by occupation. But the one who can do nothing but wait has indeed a hard time of it; the hours drag by slowly and painfully, one's thoughts get more and more hopeless, and the body eventually gets worn out by the striving and troubling of the mind. Even when we are waiting for an event that we know must take place within a certain time, we find it hard enough, but when the waiting means an uncertainty, then indeed it is doubly hard.

JENNIE WATKINS WAITED AND WAITED FOR HER HUSBAND'S RETURN.

This is what Jennie Watkins found, as she waited and waited at the door of her cottage for her husband's return. Certainly, she knew he would return—some time; but when, or in what condition, it was difficult to tell. She knew, alas! to a certain extent, in what sort of condition she was likely to see him return, for he had not been sober now for a whole fortnight, and terrible indeed had been the scenes between the young husband and wife on this account.

As Jennie stood at the door of her clean, neat little cottage, with its spotless floors, bright grate and fender, and cheery little bit of fire, with the kettle on the boil, she looked thoughtfully back on her short married life, and wondered sadly how her bright, happy life had changed into such a sad one. Stay, she did not wonder, she knew, but that only made it sadder still. She thought of her comfortable, happy life in service, when her only cares had been to see that her work was done thoroughly and in order, and when her simple pleasures had taken the form of an occasional new frock or a day's outing.

Then Richard Watkins had come along, with his good-looking face and winning manner, and Jennie had given her heart to him as innocently as a young bird flies to its mate. How happy she had been, and how all the other girls had envied her, although one or two had warned her that Richard took a little drop too much occasionally.

But was it likely that she was going to listen to one word against her lover? In vain they tried to persuade her that they only told her as a warning and for her own good, but Jennie looked upon it all as jealousy, and believed not one word.

And so she married him, and for the first three months there was not a happier woman living than Jennie Watkins. Richard had pulled himself up for a time, in consideration of his young wife, but, as time went on, his old craving and habits proved too strong for him, and there came one dreadful night when he arrived home quite drunk. Jennie never forgot that night, and the agony of it all, which reached its climax when he both swore at, and struck her—left her a sad, suffering woman.

The months that followed were terrible, and when her little baby arrived, only to teach her what motherhood was, and then to leave her more miserable than before, Jennie was a changed woman. Richard had been ashamed of himself at first, but that had worn off, and he now openly ill-treated her, and she lived in dread of his coming home. Is it any wonder that she is looking sad, and half afraid as she stands waiting for him?

But Jennie was a good woman, and had been taught what was right from a child; no matter how badly Richard treated her, she always remembered that she was his wife, and that her duty was to do all in her power to make him comfortable. Therefore, she took, if possible, more pains than ever to keep the little cottage clean and nice, and always had everything in readiness for him on his return.

But, oh! those long, weary hours of waiting! The constant listening for footsteps in vain, until when she did hear them, she shook and quivered all over from sheer fright as to what he would do when he came in! The anxious watching of his sullen, vacant face when he did arrive; the gentle guidance of his uncertain footsteps lest he should fall and injure himself; and—most terrible of all—the careful manoeuvring so that his blows should not fall upon her.

But who can describe one-half or one-quarter of the suffering caused to others by that awful curse—DRINK? Who can imagine one little bit of the agony endured except those who have lived with a drunkard?

Special Clubbing Offer, 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' $1.00.

A Picture by Dickens

(From 'Sketches by Boz,' by Charles Dickens.)

'Fasten the door, Mary,' said the young man hastily; 'Fasten the door. You look as if you didn't know me, father. It's long enough, since you drove me from home; you may well forget me.'

'And what do you want here, now?' said the father, seating himself on a stool, on the other side of the fireplace. 'What do you want here, now?'

'Shelter,' replied the son; 'I'm in trouble; that's enough. If I'm caught I shall swing, that's certain. Caught I shall be, unless I stop here; that's as certain. And there's an end of it.'

'You mean to say you've been robbing, or murdering, then?' said the father.

'Yes, I do,' replied the son. 'Does it surprise you, father?' He looked steadily in the man's face, but he withdrew his eyes, and bent them on the ground.

'Where's your brothers?' said he, after a long pause.

'Where they'll never trouble you,' replied the son. John's gone to America, and Harry's dead.'

'Dead!' said the father, with a shudder, which even he could not repress.

'Dead,' replied the young man. 'He died in my arms, shot like a dog, by a gamekeeper. He staggered back, I caught him, and his blood trickled down my hands. It poured out from his side like water. He was weak, and it blinded him, but he threw himself down on his knees, on the grass, and prayed to God that if his mother was in heaven he would hear her prayers for pardon for her youngest son. "I was her favorite boy, Will," he said, "and I am glad to think, now, that when she was dying, though I was a very young child then, and my little heart was almost bursting, I knelt down at the foot of the bed, and thanked God for having made me so fond of her as to have never once done anything to bring the tears into her eyes. Oh, Will, why was she taken away, and father left?" There's his dying words, father,' said the young man; 'make the best you can of 'em. You struck me across the face, in a drunken fit, the morning we went away; and here's the end of it.'

The girl wept aloud, and the father, sinking his head upon his knees, rocked himself to and fro.

'If I am taken,' said the young man, 'I shall be carried back into the country, and hung for that man's murder. They cannot trace me here, without your assistance, father. For aught I know, you may give me up to justice, but unless you do, here I stop, until I can venture to escape abroad.'

For two whole days all three remained in the wretched room, without stirring out. On the third evening, however, the girl was worse than she had been yet, and the few scraps of food they had were gone. It was indispensably necessary that somebody should go out, and as the girl was too weak and ill, the father went, just at nightfall.

He got some medicine for the girl, and a trifle in the way of pecuniary assistance. On his way back, he earned sixpence by holding a horse, and he turned homewards with enough of money to supply their most pressing wants for two or three days to come. He had to pass the public-house. He lingered for an instant, walked past it, turned back again, lingered once more, and finally slunk in. Two men whom he had not observed were on the watch. They were on the point of giving up their search in despair, when his loitering attracted their attention, and when he entered the public-house they followed him.

'You'll drink with me, master,' said one of them, proffering him a glass of liquor.

'And me, too,' said the other, replenishing the glass as soon as it was drained of its contents.

The man thought of his hungry children and his son's danger. But they were nothing to the drunkard. He did drink, and his reason left him.

'A wet night, Warden,' whispered one of the men in his ear, as he at length turned to go away, after spending in liquor one-half of the money on which, perhaps, his daughter's life depended.

'The right sort of a night for our friends in hiding, Master Warden,' whispered the other.

'Sit down here,' said the one who had spoken first, drawing him into a corner. 'We have been looking arter the young 'un. We came to tell him it's all right now, but we couldn't find him, 'cause we hadn't got the precise direction. But that ain't strange, for I don't think he know'd it himself, when he came to London, did he?'

'No, he didn't.' replied the father.

The two men exchanged glances.

'There's a vessel down at the docks, to sail at midnight, when it's high water,' resumed the first speaker, 'and we'll put him on board. His passage is taken in another name, and, what's better than that, it's paid for. It's lucky we met you.'

'Very,' said the second.

'Capital luck,' said the first, with a wink to his companion.

'Great,' replied the second, with a slight nod of intelligence.

'Another glass here, quick,' said the first speaker. And in five minutes more the father had unconsciously yielded up his own son into the hangman's hands.

Slowly and heavily the time dragged along as the brother and sister, in their miserable hiding place, listened in anxious suspense to the slightest sound. At length a heavy footstep was heard upon the stairs. It approached nearer, it reached the landing, and the father staggered into the room.

The girl saw he was intoxicated, and advanced with the candle in her hand to meet him. She stopped short, and gave a loud scream, and fell senseless on the ground. She had caught the sight of the shadow of a man reflected on the floor. They rushed in, and in another instant the young man was a prisoner, and handcuffed.

'Very quietly done,' said one of the men to his companion, 'thanks to the old man. Lift up the girl, Tom. Come, come, it's no use crying, young woman. It's all over now, and can't be helped.'

The young man stooped for an instant over the girl, and then turned fiercely to his father, who had reeled against the wall, and was gazing on the group with drunken stupidity.

'Listen to me, father,' he said, in a tone that made the drunkard's flesh creep. 'My brother's blood and mine is on your head. I never had kind look, or word, or care, from you, and, alive or dead, I never will forgive you. I speak as a dead man now, and I warn you, father, that as surely as you must one day stand before your Maker, so surely shall your children be there, hand in hand, to cry for judgment against you.' He raised his manacled hands in a threatening attitude, fixed his eyes on his shrinking parent, and slowly left the room, and neither father nor sister ever beheld him more on this side of the grave.

When the dim and misty light of a winter's morning penetrated into the narrow court, and struggled through the begrimed windows of the wretched room, Warden awoke from his heavy sleep and found himself alone. He rose and looked round him. The old flock mattress on the floor was undisturbed; everything was just as he remembered to have seen it last, and there were no signs of anyone, save himself, having occupied the room during the night. He inquired of the other lodgers and of the neighbors, but his daughter had not been seen or heard of. He rambled through the streets, and scrutinized each wretched face among the crowds that thronged them with anxious eyes. But his search was fruitless, and he returned to his garret, when night came on, desolate and weary.

For many days he occupied himself in the same manner, but no trace of his daughter did he meet with and no word of her reached his ears. At length he gave up the pursuit as hopeless. He had long thought of the probability of her leaving him, and endeavoring to gain her bread in quiet elsewhere. She had left him at last to starve alone. He ground his teeth and cursed her!

He begged his bread from door to door. Every halfpenny he could wring from the pity or credulity of those to whom he addressed himself was spent in the old way. A year passed over his head; the roof of a gaol was the only one that had sheltered him for many months. He slept under archways and in brickfields, anywhere where there was some warmth or shelter from the cold and rain. But in the last stage of poverty, disease, and homeless want, he was a drunkard still.

At last, one bitter night he sunk down on a doorstep faint and ill. The premature decay of vice and profligacy had worn him to the bone. His cheeks were hollow and livid, his eyes were sunken, and their sight was dim. His legs trembled beneath their weight, and a cold shiver ran through every limb.

And now the long forgotten scenes of a misspent life crowded upon him. He thought of the time when he had a home —a happy, cheerful home—and of those who peopled it, and flocked about him then, until the forms of his elder children seemed to rise from the grave, and stand about him, so plain, so clear, and so distinct they were that he could touch and feel them. Looks that he had long forgotten were fixed upon him once more; voices long since hushed in death sounded in his ears like the music of the village bells. But it was only for an instant. The rain beat heavily upon him, and cold and hunger were gnawing at his heart again.

He rose and dragged his feeble limbs a few paces further. The street was silent and empty; the few passengers who passed by at that late hour hurried quickly on, and his tremulous voice was lost in the violence of the storm. Again that heavy chill struck his frame, and his blood

seemed to stagnate beneath it. He coiled himself up in a projecting doorway, and tried to sleep.

But sleep had fled from his dull and glazed eyes. His mind wandered strangely, but he was awake and conscious. The well-known sound of drunken mirth sounded in his ear, the glass was at his lips, the board was covered with choice rich food—they were before him, he could see them all, he had but to reach out his hand and take them—and, though the illusion was reality itself, he knew that he was sitting alone in the deserted street, watching the rain drops as they pattered on the stones, that death was coming upon him by inches, and that there were none to care for nor help him.

Suddenly he started up in the extremity of terror. He had heard his own voice shouting in the night air, he knew not what or why. Hark! A groan!—another! His senses were leaving him; half-formed and incoherent words burst from his lips, and his hands sought to lacerate his flesh. He was going mad, and he shrieked for help till his voice failed him.

He raised his head, and looked up the long dismal street. He recollected that outcasts like himself, condemned to wander day and night in those dreadful streets, had sometimes gone distracted with their own loneliness. He remembers to have heard many years before that a homeless wretch had once been found in a solitary corner, sharpening a rusty knife to plunge into his own heart, preferring death to that endless, weary, wandering to and fro. In an instant his resolve was taken, his limbs received new life. He ran quickly from the spot, and paused not for breath until he reached the river side.

He crept softly down the steep stone stairs that lead from the commencement of Waterloo Bridge down to the water's level. He crouched into a corner, and held his breath as the patrol passed. Never did prisoner's heart throb with the hope of liberty and life half so eagerly as did that of the wretched man at the prospect of death. The watch passed close to him, and he remained unobserved, and after waiting until the sound of footsteps had died away in the distance, he cautiously descended, and stood beneath the gloomy arch that forms the landing-place for the river.

The tide was in, and the water flowed at his feet. The rain had ceased, the wind was lulled, and all was, for the moment, still and quiet, so quiet that the slightest sound on the opposite bank, even the rippling of the water against the barges that were moored there, was distinctly audible to hear. The stream stole languidly and sluggishly along. Strange and fantastic forms rose to the surface, and beckoned him to approach; dark gleaming eyes peered from the water, and seemed to mock his hesitation, while hollow murmurs from behind urged him onwards. He retreated a few paces, took a short run, desperate leap, and plunged into the river.

Not five seconds had passed when he rose to the water's surface, but what a change had taken place in that short time in all his thoughts and feelings! Life—life—in any form, poverty, misery, starvation—anything but death. He fought and struggled with the water that closed over his head, and screamed in agonies of terror. The curse of his own son rang in his ears. The shore—but one foot of dry ground—he could almost touch the step. One hand's breadth nearer, and he was saved; but the tide bore him onward, under the dark arches of the bridge, and he sank to the bottom.

Again he rose and struggled for life. For one instant—for one brief instant—the building on the river's banks, the lights on the bridge through which the current had borne him, the black water, and the fast flying clouds, were distinctly visible. Once more he sank and once again he rose. Bright flashes of fire shot from earth to heaven, and reeled before his eyes, while the water thundered in his ears, and stunned him with its furious roar.

A week afterwards the body was washed ashore some miles down the river, a swollen and disfigured mass. Unrecognized and unpitied, it was borne to the grave, and there it has long since mouldered away.

Gipsy and Gentleman

Some years ago a lad of seventeen took up his lodging in a room engaged for him in London. He arrived just before the evening meal, and for the first time in his life had to sit at a table and use a knife and fork. At the side of his plate was a piece of linen neatly folded, which he thought was a handkerchief and mentioned it to his host. He was sensitive enough to perceive that he had blundered, and said:

'Please forgive me. I do not know any better. I am only a Gipsy. I know I shall make blunders, but if you will correct me when I make a mistake I shall be very grateful, and never angry or cross.'

This boy Rodney, now everywhere known as 'Gipsy Smith,' is to-day the most successful evangelist in London. All over England people attribute their new lives to his leading. He was born forty-two years ago in a Gipsy tent, and has never had five weeks of consecutive schooling in his life. When he was five years old the whole family was attacked by smallpox, and the mother died. She was buried at midnight with Christian rites, and this first religious service which her husband ever attended made a deep impression and led to his conversion.

'Our first idea of God,' writes Gipsy Smith in his recent autobiography, 'came from father's beautiful life in the Gipsy tent—a life which was like the blooming of a flower whose beauty won us all. He never lived one life in a meeting and another in the Gipsy tent.'

The son began his own work under General Booth of the Salvation Army. He was attending one of their meetings when General Booth entered, and recognizing the boy as one of whom he had heard, said, suddenly:

'The next speaker will be the Gipsy boy.'

Rodney trembled at the unexpected summons, but made his way to the platform and sang a hymn in his beautiful voice.

'Keep your heart up, youngster!' called a tall man from the audience, as the boy stood speechless.

'It is in my mouth now. Where do you want it!' came the quick reply. The audience laughed, and the boy, somewhat reassured, spoke briefly. This was the way his public service began.

When first called upon to conduct a meeting alone, Rodney had to face a serious difficulty—how to read the Scriptures aloud. He had spent as much time as he could find in learning to read, but his leisure and opportunities had been so limited that he knew he could not get through many of the big words. He thought at first of asking a friend to read the lessons; then of spelling aloud any word he could not pronounce: but he felt that would be an open surrender. So he read slowly and carefully till he came upon a long word. Then he stopped to make some comment, and after the comment he began to read again, but on the other side of the long word!

However, the Gipsy lad in time so perfected himself intellectually that one may now hear him again and again without being able to detect a flaw in his grammar or pronunciation; and a great London newspapers credits him with using the best Anglo-Saxon speech since John Bright. Those who know the story of his life find the explanation of it that he is a graduate of the same school which trained John, the fisherman.

Rodney Smith, 'my friend, Gipsy and gentleman,' as the Rev. Campbell Morgan calls him, is a power for good in the world to-day. He proves in his own life and work that religion has lost none of its hold, nor any of its power to elevate and bless.

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give two cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

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'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue of Sept. 27, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Municipal Socialism—'The Times,' London.
The Boer Generals—'The Commonwealth.'
Lessons of the South African War—'The Morning Post,' London.
The Persecution in France—'The Commonwealth.'
Overland to Siberia—'Englishman,' Calcutta.
Hoodlums in Labor Troubles—The 'Age of Steel.'
Diverse Views on the Institute of Journalists—'The Pilot' and 'The Saturday Review,' London.
Railway 'Tim'—'The Daily Mail,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Gorki's 'Die Kleinburger'—'The Evening Post,' New York.
Indifference to Art—'The Evening Post,' New York.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

At the Railway Station—Poem by Charles G. D. Roberts.
On the Way Home—Poem by C. M. Steedman.
The Skeleton—Poem by Gilbert Chesterton.
Maxime Gorky—By Charles de Soissons, in 'The Contemporary Review.'
Another View of 'Gorki'—By P. E. C. Lonj, in 'The Fortnightly Review.'
Unconscious Humor—'British Weekly.'
The Mighty Atom—'Punch.'
The One Hundred and Fifty Thousand—Filson Young, in 'The Pilot,' London.
Death of Mr. P. J. Bailey, the Author of 'Festus'—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
An Antidote to the Kailyard School'—'The Academy and Literature,' London.
The Imprimerie Nationale—W. Roberts, in 'The Athenæum.'
Patience and Stoicism—By Dr. Charles A. Eastman.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Boring Claims of the North-West Coast—By James G. McCurdy, in the 'Scientific American.'
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The Donkeyman and the Mouse.

(By M. J. Ferguson, in Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.')

The man-on-the-donkey lay in a corner. It was two months after Christmas and he had begun to feel that life with its hopes was over for him, and that his wisest plan would be to persuade Bridget to throw him into the ash bin at the earliest opportunity. So it happened that one stormy night he lay on his side in the corner. The children were asleep and he was ruminating in a mournful style.

'I am a terrible wreck,' said the man-on-the-donkey to himself, with a groan.

He still sat upon the donkey, but that was because he and the donkey were cut out of one piece of wood, and, therefore, could not be separated. His legs were left, because they were carved upon the donkey's sides, but his feet had both disappeared. One arm was entirely gone and the other broken off at the elbow. As for the donkey, three of his legs had been broken in various places. The stand he used to travel about on was still there, fastened to the fourth leg, but it was of little use, for it had no wheels left. A dreadul wreck, indeed! The paint of which the donkey-man used to be so proud, had been sucked off by the baby. Ned had broken the donkey's legs with his new hammer. Peter had taken the wheels off the donkey's stand for his new waggon. Poor, poor donkey!

He certainly was very miserable and one could scarcely blame him, that he wanted to be thrown in the ash barrel!

It was night in the nursery. A little mouse came out to look for crumbs, which, perchance, the children had dropped. He spied the miserable old donkey-man over in the corner and came to look at him.

'Good evening, friend,' said the mouse.

'Good evening,' replied the donkey-man with a great groan.

The mouse ran from side to side of the room, looking for crumbs, but he didn't seem to find much.

'Nothing to be found here,' he grumbled, smelling under the bureau. 'The children haven't had any crackers to-day,' he went on, mournfully, coming back to where the man-on-the-donkey lay.

'Haven't they?' asked the man, in an indifferent tone.

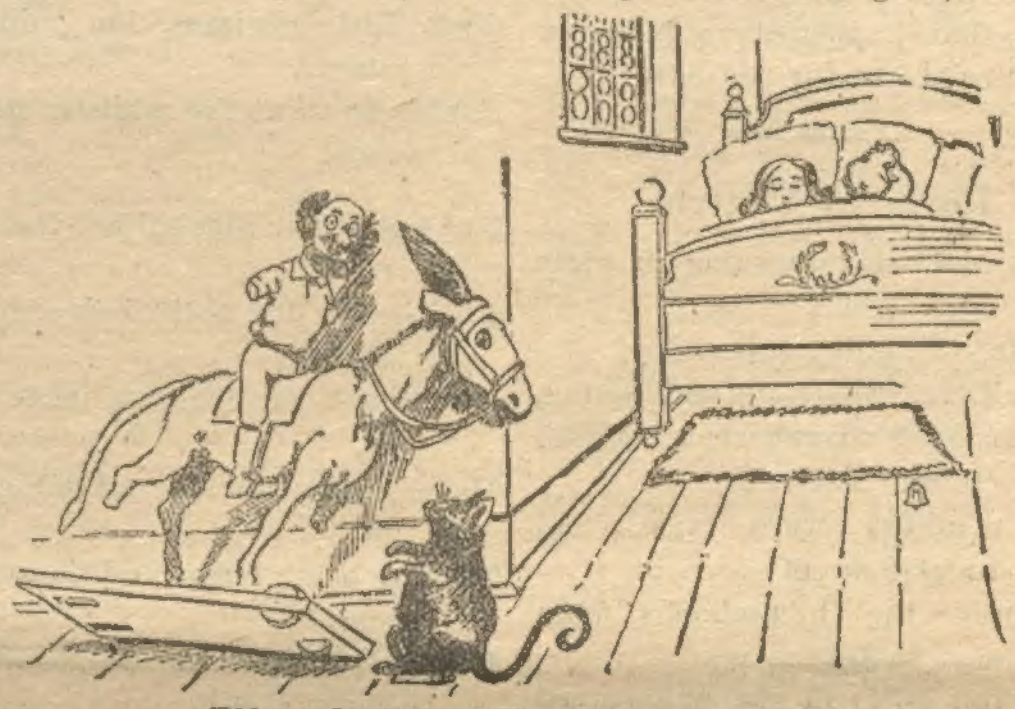
'No, they haven't,' said the mouse, sharply, looking again at the donkey-man.

'Well, you are a distressed looking object!' he exclaimed.

'I know it,' replied the donkey-man, dismally. 'I wish Bridget would throw me into the fire, or the ash-can. I was thinking of it just now.'

'Tut! tut! Not so bad as that!' replied the mouse. 'There is little of you left, to be sure. Still you are not ready for the fire yet.'

'The children despise me,' went on the donkey-man. 'The baby threw me into this corner, and Peter said, "Never mind! Let him lie there!"'



THE DONKEYMAN TRIED TO SIT UP.

'Those children have too many toys!' the mouse answered the donkey-man. 'It's a pity some poor little children I know, who haven't any, couldn't get part of what they throw aside.'

The donkey-man tried to sit up to ask where the poor children lived, but he fell over again.

'Oh, they live down near the end of this row of houses—one of the plain little houses near the corner. I often go down the wall there to visit them,' the mouse told him. Then he cleaned off his whiskers while he added: 'It's very jolly at their home. They haven't as many toys as these children. They don't quarrel as much, and I think that's the reason.'

'Have they got a donkey-man?' asked the man-on-the-donkey. He really did sit up this time and leaned against the wall. 'I think my spirit is broken,' he added.

'Nonsense,' said the mouse. 'If you're alive and can speak at all your spirit isn't broken.'

He looked the donkey-man carefully all over and said: 'I should think you might have better arms than you had before, and then a handsomer face.'

Then he stepped up to the donkey-man and deliberately began to gnaw off what little paint was left upon his jacket.

'This is insolent!' cried the donkey-man in a rage. 'How dare you, miserable little creature! How dare you attack me?'

But the mouse did not stop until the paint had all gone, and the marks of his teeth left all over the man's body. Then he ran back to his hole, leaving the donkey-man fainting with anger and terror.

'Was I not miserable enough already,' he cried, 'but that horrible little creature should treat me like this, a fresh misfortune,' and the donkey-man wept tears of rage and mortification. He passed the night in misery and wondered drearily why the mouse could not eat him up altogether.

Nurse picked him up the next morning, when she cleared up the room.

'What a dreadful looking object he is, to be sure!' she said. 'It's a pity some poor child shouldn't have the toys these children destroy! Even been eaten by mice, I see. Well! well! now, this is too much! I'll send some of the Christmas toys away this very day!'

So nurse selected a few of the plainer toys which the children had grown tired of. She took the donkey-man and mended him herself, giving him new feet, and the donkey new legs. Then she painted a

new face much prettier than the old one, and gave him a flaxen wig, which he had never before possessed.

He looked so beautiful that the baby cried to have him back. But nurse said: 'No; he is going where he will be better appreciated.'

She sent him down to the house of the little Grays, which was near the corner, and little Polly Gray admired the donkey-man so much that he was put upon the mantel shelf as too handsome to be played with. There he stands to-day, and if you look at him you can plainly see that he possesses more spirit than any one in the house!

Fortunate donkey-man. Everything that happened to him, you see, turned out for the best.

Rover in Church.

'Twas a Sunday morning in early May,
A beautiful, quiet, sunny day,
And all the village, old and young,
Had trooped to church when the church bell rung.
The windows were open, and breezes sweet
Fluttered the hymn-books from seat to seat.
Even the birds in the pale-leaved birch,
Sang as softly as if in church.

Right in the midst of the minister's prayer,
There came a kock at the door,
'Who's there,
I wonder?' the gray-haired sexton thought,
As his careful ear the tapping caught,
Rap-rap, rap-rap—a louder sound,
The boys on the back seat turned around.
What could it mean? For never before
Had any one knocked at the old church door.

Again the tapping, and now so loud,
The minister paused, (though his head was bowed).
Rappety-rap! This will never do;
The girls were peeping, and laughing, too!
So the sexton tripped o'er the creaking floor,
Lifted the latch, and opened the door.

In there trotted a big black dog,
As big as a bear! With a solemn jog
Right up the centre aisle he pattered.
People might stare; it little mattered,
Straight he went to a little maid,
Who blushed and hid, as though afraid,
And there sat down, as if to say:
'I'm sorry that I was late to-day;
But better late than never, you know;
Besides, I waited an hour or so,
And couldn't get them to open the door
Till I wagged my tail and bumped the floor.
Now, little mistress, I'm going to stay,
And hear what the minister has to say!'

The poor little girl hid her face and cried!
But the big dog nestled close to her side,
And kissed her dog-fashion, tenderly,
Wondering what the matter could be.
The dog being large (and the sexton small),
He sat through the sermon and heard it all,
As solemn and wise as any one there,
With a very dignified, scholarly air!
And instead of scolding, the minister said,
After the service, 'I never knew
Two better listeners, than Rover and you!'

—James Buckham, in 'Our Dumb Animals.'

Charlie's Prayer.

Charlie's grandmother went often to the Old Ladies' Home to visit the inmates and cheer their hearts with little gifts of flowers or fruits, a sympathetic word or a whispered prayer.

Charlie had fallen into the way of going with her, until at last every week saw him helping grandma up the front steps of the Home. To be sure, the top of his head only came to grandma's elbow, but he felt very large and strong.

The dear old ladies in the Home grew very fond of their little visitor, and watched for his coming eagerly. His bright face was like sunshine to them in their quiet, uneventful lives.

One day old Mrs. Adkins fell sick, and she lay in her little room a long time. Because she suffered very much and grew no better, she found it hard to be patient, so grandma went often to see her.

One week grandma wasn't well, so Charlie went alone to see their friends. He went about from room to room, making a little call in each till he came to No. 19, where Mrs. Adkins lay. His heart ached with sympathy as he stood beside her and saw the tears in her eyes.

'Could I hold your head?' he asked anxiously. 'Mamma likes to have me when her head aches.'

'No, thank you, deary. Your soft little hand couldn't reach my pain. No one but God can cure it.'

Charlie felt that he must do something, so, remembering grandma's habit, he asked quaintly, 'Shall we have a little word of prayer?' just as he had heard her say it.

Even in her pain the old lady smiled, but she only said, 'I should be very glad, dear.'

Down went Charlie on his knees; his chubby hands were clasped and his blue eyes reverently closed as he said: 'Dear Jesus, she is very sick, and she's suffering worse than if she had a bad headache. If she's too sick to be cured, please let her go to sleep and wake up in heaven. Amen.'

Much relieved, he stood up and reached for his cap. Mrs. Adkins put her arm about him as she said, tenderly, 'I think Jesus has helped me already, and I just want to tell you I'd rather God would answer that prayer than any other you could have thought of. I have so many dear ones waiting for me in heaven, and no one here any more. Good-bye, little comfort.'

The next time Charlie and grandma visited the Home the little room was empty, for Mrs. Adkins had gone to sleep a few days before, and wakened in heaven.—'Christian Work.'

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LESSON III.—OCTOBER 19.

The Fall of Jericho.

Josh. vi., 8-20. Commit v. 20. Read Josh. v., 13-11:23.

Golden Text.

'By faith the walls of Jericho fell down.' Heb., xi., 30.

Home Readings.

Monday, Oct. 13.—Josh. v., 10-6:7
Tuesday, Oct. 14.—Josh. vi., 8-20.
Wednesday, Oct. 15.—Josh. vi., 21-27.
Thursday, Oct. 16.—Deut. vii., 1-10.
Friday, Oct. 17.—Chron. xiv., 8-15.
Saturday, Oct. 18.—2 Chron. xx., 14-25.
Sunday, Oct. 19.—Isa. xxv.

Lesson Text.

(12) And Joshua rose early in the morning, and the priests took up the ark of the Lord. (13) And seven priests bearing seven trumpets of rams' horns before the ark of the Lord went on continually, and blew with the trumpets: and the armed men went before them; but the rearward came after the ark of the Lord, the priests going on, and blowing with the trumpets. (14) And the second day they compassed the city once, and returned into the camp. So they did six days. (15) And it came to pass on the seventh day, that they rose early about the dawning of the day, and compassed the city after the same manner seven times: only on that day they compassed the city seven times. (16) And it came to pass at the seventh time, when the priests blew with the trumpets, Joshua said unto the people, Shout; for the Lord hath given you the city. (17) And the city shall be accursed, even it, and all that are therein, to the Lord: only Rahab the harlot shall live, she and all that are with her in the house, because she hid the messengers that we sent. (18) And ye, in any wise keep yourselves from the accursed thing, lest ye make yourselves accursed, when ye take of the accursed thing, and make the camp of Israel a curse, and trouble it. (19) But all the silver, and gold, and vessels of brass and iron, are consecrated unto the Lord: they shall come into the treasury of the Lord. (20) So the people shouted when the priests blew with the trumpets: and it came to pass, when the people heard the sound of the trumpet, and the people shouted with a great shout, that the wall fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city, every man straight before him, and they took the city.

CONDENSED FROM MATTHEW HENRY.

Wherever the ark went the people attended it, v. 9. The armed men went before it to clear the way, not thinking it any disparagement to them, though they were men of war, to be pioneers to the ark of God. If any obstacle should be found in crossing all the roads to the city, which they must do in walking round it, they would remove it; if any opposition should be made by the enemy, they would encounter it, that the priests' march with the ark might be easy and safe. It is an honor to the greatest of men to do any good office to the ark, to serve the interests of religion in their country.

Seven priests went immediately before the ark, having trumpets in their hands, with which they were continually sounding. The priests were God's ministers, and thus in his name, they proclaimed war with the Canaanites, and so struck terror upon them; for by terrors upon their spirits they were to be conquered and subdued. Thus God's ministers, by the solemn declarations of his wrath against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, must blow the trumpet in Sion, and sound an alarm in the holy mountain, that the sinners of Sion may be afraid. It was appointed that when Israel went to war, the priests should encourage them with the assurance of God's presence with them, Deut. xx., 2-4. And particularly their blowing with trumpets was to be a sign to the people, that they should be remembered before the Lord their God in the day of battle, Num. x., 9. Thus God's ministers, by sounding the Jubilee trumpet of the everlasting gospel, which proclaims liberty and victory, must encourage the good soldiers of Jesus Christ in their spiritual warfare. God could have caused the walls of Jericho to fall upon the first surrounding of them, but they must go round them thirteen times before they fell, that they might be kept waiting patiently for the Lord. Though they were lately come into Canaan, and their time was very precious (for they had a deal of work before them), yet they must linger so many days about Jericho, seeming to do nothing, nor to make any progress in their business. As promised deliverances must be expected in God's way, so they must be expected in his time. He that believes, does not make haste, not more haste than God would have him make.

One of these days must needs be a Sabbath day, and the Jews say it was the last, but that is not certain; however, if he that appointed them to rest on the other sabbath-days, appointed them to walk on this, that was sufficient to justify them in it. It was an honor to the sabbath-day, by which our time is divided into weeks, that just seven days were to be spent in this work, and seven priests were employed to sound seven trumpets; that number being, on this occasion, as well as many others, made remarkable, in remembrance of the six days' work of creation, and the seventh day's rest from it. And, besides, the law of the Sabbath forbids our own work, but this which they did, was a religious act.

It is probable they walked at such a distance from the walls, as to be out of reach of the enemies' arrows, and out of hearing of their scoffs. We may suppose the oddness of the thing did at first amuse the besieged, but by the seventh day they were grown secure, feeling no harm from that, which, perhaps, they looked upon as an enchantment. Probably, they bantered the besiegers, as in Neh. iv., 2. 'What do these feeble Jews? Is this the people they thought so formidable? Are these their methods of attack?' Thus they cried Peace and Safety, that the destruction might be more terrible when it came. Wicked men (says Bishop Hall) think God in jest when he is preparing for their judgment; but they will be convinced of their mistake when it is too late.

At last they were to give a shout, and did so, and immediately the walls fell, v. 16. This was a shout for mastery, a triumphant shout, the shout of a king among them, Num. xxiii., 21. This was a shout of faith; they believed that the walls of Jericho would fall, and by that faith they were thrown down. It was a shout of prayer, an echo to the sound of the trumpets which proclaimed the promise that God would remember them; with one accord, as one man, they cry to heaven for help, and help comes in.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Oct. 19.—Topic—Self-mastery. 1 Cor. ix., 25; Gal. v., 16-26. (Temperance meeting.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

THE SALOON SERPENT.

Monday, Oct. 13.—How the Jews punished drunkards. Deut. xxi., 20, 21.

Tuesday, Oct. 14.—The punishment of poverty. Prov. xxi., 17.

Wednesday, Oct. 15.—The punishment of sorrow. Isa. v., 11, 12, 22.

Thursday, Oct. 16.—The punishment of ruin. Isa. xxviii., 1-4.

Friday, Oct. 17.—The punishment of shame. 1 Cor. v., 11.

Saturday, Oct. 18.—The saloon-keeper's doom. Hab. ii., 15.

Sunday, Oct. 19.—Topic—The saloon serpent. Prov. xxiii., 29-32.

How Much They Lose.

(Mrs. Sangster, in 'American Messenger.')

I often wish, when I see the young hesitating on the threshold of the Kingdom, that they might realize how much they lose by staying away. Not a friend below can offer so much of enduring joy as is freely offered by this Friend with the pierced hands, and the head once crowned with thorns. The sweetness of his call will be in your souls, dear child of time, to all eternity. You can never know immortal joy if you do not heed it. 'Come unto Me,' he says, 'and I will give you rest.' Yes, Lord Jesus, we will come, and receive in this life, and in the life unending, peace, rest, and joy, for at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

'I am oft alone, dear Saviour,
Yet I know not lonely days;
Thou art more than home or kindred,
Unto Thee I lift my praise,
And by many a desert fountain
I an Ebenezer raise.

'In the throng, O! blessed Saviour
Oft I seek a place apart,
And I find Thee coming to me,
Shrined and templed in my heart.

'Thou canst make a sanctuary
Wheresoe'er Thou sendest me,
And in midst of crowds uncounted
I can be alone with Thee.

'Joy of joys to know my Saviour,
Love of loves to feel Him near'
Earth can give no other treasure
Half so precious, half so dear

'Till I meet my Lord in heaven,
I may have a heaven below;
If with Him, I stay contented,
Joyful, if with Him I go.'

Soul Winners.

(James A. Worden, D.D.)

It is a matter of rejoicing that the blessed Spirit is making clear to the minds of Christian teachers in Sabbath schools, now as never before, that they are first of all to be winners of souls. He is now making clear their duty of bringing the scholars to Christ. He is driving away the mists which have obscured this duty and enabling workers to perceive in perfect distinctness what is their true aim. It is not easy to overestimate the gain of this. How can a teacher be in earnest unless he know definitely at what he is to aim? What can an archer do who cannot see the target toward which he is to bend body, eye and hand? What can a builder do without plan and specification? What can an artist accomplish without object or ideal? or the physician with no clear sight of what he is to accomplish? or a lawyer who knows neither what he desires to prove, nor the conviction which he wishes to produce? What failure can be more complete in the business world than that of a man who has no clear conception of the end he is seeking? Heretofore much of our Sabbath school teaching has failed because it has been aimless. One of the greatest master teachers tells us that 'I, therefore, so run not as uncertainly, so fight I not as one who beateth the air.'

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I have treated nearly 7,000 cases of inebriety, and eight-ninths of that number originated from wine and malt liquors.—Albert Day, M.D.

Big Temperance Meetings.

Encouraging Work.

'Hot work this!'

'Yes, it's very 'ot. I found it so, comin' up from Nottin' Hill.'

'You don't look a bad specimen of a teetotaller—if you will pardon a personal remark.'

'No,' said the old man, his jolly red face shining with perspiration and good humor. 'it ain't bad for seventy-four, to be able to come up with these children all that way. I ain't had none of the stuff for sixty year. I ain't boastin' of it. It's on'y what I ought to do.'

The tone of detestation with which he uttered the word 'stuff' seemed to imply some bitter experiences and a cordial hatred of it.

'We picks up the gutter children—as you might say, the debbriss—in our Society. Yes, it's a good thing it's fine this afternoon, 'specially as we've bin a-promptin' of 'em to come. Well, when they gets sixteen or eighteen year old, we drafts 'em into the adult branch, and they has folks to look after 'em. Ah, I've seen some older men, too, come into the older branch—men that's knocked theirselves to pieces through drink, and they've bin reformed.'

'As we were coming along,' said another, 'the little Yorks'—which is the friendly way in which some of the public will persist in speaking of the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales—'would get up in their carriage and look at our banner.'

'The day before they saw the trooping of the colors on the Horse Guards Parade,' remarked a bystander.

'Ah, then the little Princes have seen a better trooping of the colors to-day, for we are engaged in a better fight—the fight against strong drink.'

So the talk ran on, whilst we were waiting for the March Past to begin. It is the great Temperance Demonstration in Hyde Park, and similar demonstrations are proceeding in seven of the London parks. Fifty years ago, said Dr. Munro Gibson in his address subsequently, one park would have been sufficient to contain their numbers; now eight parks were utilized, and from this fact he was able to point to the great advance made in the past, and to draw hope and encouragement for the future.

The United Temperance Demonstration, which took place on Saturday afternoon in eight of the London parks, was organized by the London United Temperance Council, of which the Bishop of London is President.

About two o'clock, from various parts of the metropolis, the demonstrators began to make their way with flags and banners toward the park to which they had been allotted. The position in Hyde Park was to the north-east of the Serpentine, and, on arrival at the ground, each society took up its allotted position round a circular enclosure, which was formed by a cord. Another cord kept off the general public, who thronged round it. These enclosures were made by special permission of the park authorities; they also permitted one of their water carts inside, whence the thirsty children, tired and hot with their marches, drew supplies of drinking water. The societies largely consisted of Bands of Hope from various churches and chapels, but the Sons of the Phoenix and Sons of Temperance were also represented. Nearly every little Briton carried a small Union Jack, while larger banners blew in plenty. The Cadets of the Sons of Temperance Paddington branch distinguished themselves by a large Maypole with numerous gay-colored 'ropes' depending therefrom. The programme in brief was as follows: The societies at Hyde Park, some 24 or 26 in number, marched round the enclosure, and past the President and judges at the southern end. A prize banner, specially prepared, is given to the society displaying the best military precision and form in the march past. Physical drill competitions followed, and then singing by the societies, after which addresses were given by Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Dr. Munro Gibson.

Drinking Water.

There is a generally accepted idea that when one is travelling it is unsafe to drink the water in the various localities through which one passes. For this reason a flask of brandy is almost always carried and a few drops are added to every glass of drinking water that the traveller takes.

A party of tourists who were for the most part temperance people made a very extended journey indeed, almost circumnavigating the globe. When they started out some friends suggested that they provide themselves with brandy to add to their drinking water, declaring that they would surely be ill if they drank the water clear. Inquiry developed the fact that those who did take the brandy were ill, whereupon it was agreed to take notes of the effects of the water of all places visited and to keep an accurate account of those who were ill and those who escaped any unpleasant consequences.

In most of the localities in Great Britain there was no complaint whatever. There was some sickness, but only such as might occur at any time or place. The travellers drank freely of the waters and really enjoyed it.

Italy was looked upon with some doubt, but all apprehensions vanished as soon as the sources of the water supply were looked into. Every precaution had been taken to guard it from any form of pollution, and the tourists took heart of grace, put the brandy bottles away and made more notes in favor of temperance principles.

Greece was equally favorable to the total abstainers, and there was most favorable comment on the management and quality of the drinking water.

It was notable all along the line that those who made regular use of the brandy flask were subject to attacks of gastric trouble, but these, they declared, were mild compared to those they would have suffered without this corrective, in which they indulged more freely than ever.

When Egypt was reached there was some sickness and more worry, and for the first time the question of brandy was seriously discussed. But the principle carried the day, and there was no difficulty beyond the first anxiety caused by the extreme concern of friends who were perfectly certain that the temperance advocates were taking their lives in their hands. Indeed, so alarmed were they that they had serious thoughts of sending a physician to argue with them.

All through Egypt, Palestine, India and indeed in almost every portion of what is generally supposed to be a plague-stricken country they travelled secure in the consciousness that ordinary precautions were all that the circumstances required. On one or two occasions, when there seemed to be extreme doubt as to the purity of the water, it was boiled and bottled, and this was used exclusively. There were fruits of all sorts in abundance, and these were eaten freely, the juice serving the purpose of quenching thirst and allaying the fever that the heat and dust sometimes produced.

As cigarette smoking is destroying the life and energy of so many schoolboys, we give the following from the general freight agent of one of our largest railways: 'Among the 200 clerks in my office, 32 are cigarette-smokers. Eighty-five percent of the mistakes occurring in the office are made by the 32. The cigarette-smokers average two days off per month, while others but one-half day off. The natural conclusion is that 32 young men are holding positions deserved by better men.'

Correspondence

Fort Collins, Colorado.

Dear Editor,—I have been a reader of your 'Northern Messenger' for six years. But we have taken it twelve years. I enjoy reading the Correspondence. I have seen letters from a great many places. I live in the northwestern part of the state. I once lived on a stock ranch in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. But I live on a fruit farm now, six miles from the Rocky Mountains, and four miles from Fort Collins, a town of about 5,000 inhabitants. They have the State Agriculture College, and four or five churches and many other fine buildings. In the residence part of the city the streets are lined with trees, and many beautiful flower gardens. There are also fine schools, high schools and graded schools. I go to a country school; they call it 'Pleasant View School.' Our school is made of bricks of modern style and is heated by water. I am thirteen years old, and in the seventh grade. I have three sisters. We will have to work this vacation, picking strawberries, cherries and the other fruits, and take music lessons, too.

SADIE R. N.

Granthurst, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to school every day; our teacher is leaving. I have two dogs and three cats. I like pups and kittens. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. Our three cats' names are 'Spat,' 'Cattie' and 'Spottie.' Our dogs' names are 'Fido' and Collie.' 'Fido' does not like the little pup, 'Collie'; she is a good hunter; we go hunting together. I have a box of paints; I draw flowers and then paint them. I have quite a few and I keep painting more and more. I live on a farm. The school and church are very close, so that I do not miss very many times. I am in the senior third class. I am twelve years old. My birthday is on March 17.

CHARLIE S.

London, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Northern Messenger' and like it very much. This is the first letter I have written, and would like to see it in the Correspondence list. I am eleven years old. Mama had some vines, which she put in a pail and hung it on the verandah. A pretty robin got the vines and twigs and made a nest on the top of the pail. After a while there were four blue eggs, which hatched in three weeks. There were four little birdies, which after a while were covered with feathers. When they were big enough to fly a little, one flew out of the nest on to the grass and something killed it. But I don't think anything happened the others. I will write again soon.

PEARL W.

Sprucedale, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thought I might as well write a letter to the 'Messenger' as I have not corresponded before. I am able to get around again. I have been sick nearly all winter with acute bone trouble, and have lost my left leg over it. I am eleven years old. I hope to see my letter in print; if I see this in print, I will write again. I must close my letter now as I have nothing more to say. I would like some of the boys to write to me. My address is: Harold E. Tindall, Sprucedale, Ont.

Long River, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Northern Messenger.' My aunt, who lives with us, takes it, and we all enjoy reading it very much. I have not been going to school for some months, but I expect to go again as soon as the hot weather is over.

I am very fond of reading, and have read a lot of Elsie and Pansy books, and others which I will not mention. I am the oldest of the family. I was eleven years old on January 21. I have four brothers and no sisters. I would like to correspond with some girls about my age

I will write first if they like. My address is: Bessie Johnstone, Long River, P.E.I.

Valley Junction, Iowa.

Dear Editor,—I am a reader of the 'Northern Messenger,' and like it very much. My cousin and I are writing together. For pets I have a kitten; her name is Dolly, and three rabbits and a dog; his name is Shep. I have two sisters, their names are Millie and May. I go to Sunday School and church. I get the 'Girl's Companion' at Sunday School. Our minister's name is Rev. Mr. Hunter. I wonder if any little girl has the same birthday as I have, October 7.

AMY B. H. (Aged 10.)

Mulgrave.

Dear Editor,—I would like to tell you something about a rather remarkable family. They were born and brought up here, in the township of Humberstone, county of Welland; their name is Pound, or was when they were young. There are six of them; the youngest was eighty years old on August 15, and the eldest is eighty-seven. My mother is next to the youngest; she was eighty-one on April 16. She had seven children, now there are only two of us left and we are the two eldest. Our younger brothers and sisters are all gone. I was fifty-nine on Aug. 16. I had seven children, but have only four living. One thing that is remarkable is that mother's brothers and sisters are all living. There are four sisters and two brothers. Their names are: Mrs. Elizabeth Hampton, 1500 Main street, Buffalo, N.Y.; Mrs. Prudence S. Fretz, 1500D Main street, Buffalo, N.Y.; Mr. James Pound, Sparta, Ont.; Mrs. Amy Bitner, Arkona, Ont.; Mrs. Rachel Zavitz, Mulgrave, Ont., my mother; Mr. Samuel Pound, Mulgrave, Ont. My Uncle Samuel lives on the farm that grandfather commenced on. Grandfather's folks came to this country as U. E. Loyalists. Grandfather died when Uncle Samuel was only five years old, and grandmother brought up her family of six children alone. Grandmother died when I was about twelve years old, so she has been dead about forty-seven years. Now, of these old people none of them use tobacco nor any strong drink. They are all fine old people and quite smart. My mother will sometimes spin three skeins of yarn in a day yet, and that is called a day's work, and my Uncle Samuel farms fifty acres of land. Don't you think that is pretty well for a man of eighty years? We expect, if nothing happens to prevent, to see these old people all together at the old home on the 15th, where we and a good many others are going to meet them. The sisters are all widows; Uncle James's wife is still living and is coming with him; they have been married between fifty and sixty years, and Uncle Samuel has his third wife; he has seven children living, and so has Uncle James. Aunt Prudence and Aunt Amy have each only one child living, and Aunt Elizabeth has none.

Now I know there are older people; there are a few around here; but where will you find another whole family of that age? I should like to see this or something of it in the 'Messenger.'

MRS. SUSANNA FRETZ,
Mulgrave P.O., Ont.

Springfield, N.B.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' My sister has taken the 'Messenger' for a year, and we like it very much. I have only one sister; her name is Laura. I live on a farm. We have two cows, eight sheep, and three pigs. My teacher's name is Mrs. Whited. I like her very much. Our minister's name is Mr. Allan. I go to school and am in the fourth reader. My birthday is on July 28, when I was twelve years. My Sunday school teacher is Mr. Gordon.

HAZEL McC.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

HOUSEHOLD.

A Sad Mistake.

(Earnest Worker, in 'Union Gospel News.')

Let me narrate to you a circumstance which happened to a friend of mine in the city of Boston, the history of which will commend itself to the heart of every father and mother who have any sympathy with and affection for their children.

A few weeks before he wrote he had buried his eldest son, a fine, manly little fellow, of some eight years of age, who had never, he said, known a day's illness until that which finally removed him hence to be here no more. His death occurred under circumstances which were particularly painful to his parents. A younger brother, a delicate, sickly child from its birth, the next in age to him, had been down for nearly a fortnight with an epidemic fever. In consequence of the nature of the disease, every precaution had been adopted that prudence suggested to guard the other members of the family against it. But of this one, the father's eldest, he said he had little fear, so rugged was he, and so generally healthy. Still, however, he kept a vigilant eye upon him, and especially forbade his going into the pools and docks near his school, which it was the custom sometimes to visit; for he was but a boy, and 'boys will be boys.'

One evening this unhappy father came home wearied with a long day's labor and vexed at some little disappointment, which had soured his naturally kind disposition, and rendered him peculiarly susceptible to the smallest annoyance. While he was sitting by the fire in this unhappy mood of mind, his wife entered the apartment and said:

'Henry has just come home and he is a perfect fright; he is covered from head to foot with dock mud, and is as wet as a drowned rat.'

'Where is he?' asked the father sternly.

'He is shivering over the kitchen fire. He was afraid to come here when the girl told him you had come home.'

'Tell Jane to tell him to come here this instant,' was the brief reply to this information.

Presently the boy entered, half perished with fright and cold. His father glanced at his sad plight, reproached him bitterly with his disobedience, spoke of the punishment which awaited him in the morning as the penalty for his offence, and in a harsh voice concluded with—

'Now, sir, go to your bed.'

'But, father,' said the little boy, 'I want to tell you—'

'Not a word, sir; go to bed.'

'I only wanted to say, father, that—'

With a peremptory stamp, an imperative wave of his hand toward the door, and a frown upon his brow, did that father, without another speech, again close the door of explanation and expostulation.

When the boy had gone supperless and sad to his bed, the father sat restless and uneasy while supper was being prepared; and at tea-table ate but little. His wife saw the real cause, or the additional cause of his emotion, and interposed the remark:

'I think, my dear, you ought at least to have heard what Henry had to say. My heart ached for him when he turned away with his eyes full of tears. Henry is a good boy, after all, if he does sometimes do wrong. He is a tender-hearted, affectionate boy. He always was.'

And there withal the tears stood in the eyes of that forgiving mother, even as it stood in the eyes of Mercy, in the house of the interpreter, as recorded by Bunyan.

After tea, the evening paper was taken up, but there was nothing of interest for that father in the journal of that evening. He sat for some time in an evidently painful reverie, and then rose and repaired to his bed chamber. As he passed the bedroom where the little boy slept, he thought he would look in upon him before retiring to rest. A big tear had stolen down the boy's cheek and rested upon it, but he was sleeping calmly and sweetly.

The father regretted his harshness as he gazed upon his son and he felt also his 'sense of duty,' yet in the night talking the matter over with the lad's mother, resolved and promised, instead of punishing as threatened, to make amends to the boy's aggrieved spirit in the morning for the manner in which he had repelled all explanation of his offence.

But that morning never came to that poor child in health. He awoke the next morning with a raging fever in his brain, and wild with delirium. In forty-eight hours he was in his shroud. He knew neither his father nor his mother when they were first called to his bed-side, nor at any moment afterward.

Waiting, watching for one token of recognition, hour after hour, in speechless agony, did that unhappy father bend over the couch of his dying son. Once, indeed, he thought he saw a smile of recognition light up his dying eyes and he leaned forward, for he would have given worlds to have whispered one kind word in his ear, and have been answered; but that gleam of apparent intelligence passed quickly away, and was succeeded by the tossing of fevered limbs, which lasted until death came to his relief.

Two days afterwards the undertaker came with his little coffin, and his son, a playmate of the deceased boy, bringing the low stools on which it was to stand in the entry hall.

'I was with Henry,' said the lad, 'when he got into the water. We were playing down on Long Wharf—Henry, Charles Munford and I—and the tide was out very low, and there was a beam run out from the wharf, and Charles got on it to get a fish line and hook that hung over where the water was deep; and the first thing we saw he had slipped off and was struggling in the water. Henry threw off his cap, and jumped clear from the wharf into the water, got Charles out; and they waded up through the mud to where the wharf was not so wet and slippery, and then I helped them to climb up the side. Charles told Henry not to say anything about it, for if he did, his father would not let him go near the water again. Henry was very sorry, and all the way going home he kept saying:

'"What will father say when he sees me to-night? I wish I had not gone to the wharf."'

'Dear, brave boy!' exclaimed the bereaved father; 'and this was the explanation which I refused to hear!' And hot and bitter tears rolled down his cheeks.

Let me close my story in the words of that father: and let the lesson sink deep into the heart of every parent who shall pursue this sketch.

'Everything that I now see that ever belonged to him, reminds me of my lost boy. Yesterday I found some pencil sketches, which it was his delight to make for the amusement of his younger brother. To-day in rummaging an old chest, I came across his boots, still covered with dock mud, as when he last wore them. (You may think it strange, but that which is usually so unsightly an object is most precious to me.) And every morning I pass the ground where my son's voice rang merriest among his playmates.

'And these things speak to me vividly of his life. But I cannot—though I have often tried—I cannot recall any other expression of the dear boy's face, than the mute, mournful one which he turned away from me on the night I so harshly repulsed him. Then my heart bleeds afresh.'

Useful Hints.—To clean a gold chain which is dull from long use, put it into a bottle with warm water, grated castile soap and pulverized chalk; soak well, and rinse in cold water. Rub dry on a clean cloth, and polish with a chamois skin.

If two pairs of shoes are kept in use together, wearing them alternately, the shoes will give more service and last longer than two pairs worn one after the other. Shoes, like many other things, become tired, and require an occasional rest to do good work.

If tinted willow furniture is very dusty, wash in clean water, using a brush in the crevices, and dry in the shade. Willow or rattan furniture in natural color may be thoroughly scrubbed with a stiff brush, warm water, and white soap. Dry in the sun and wind.

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One Factor in Success.

(By Frederick E. Burnham, in 'Wellspring.')

'Yes, I had to let Carter go,' said a business man, referring to a bookkeeper lately in his employ; 'I couldn't stand his carelessness.'

'Was he inaccurate about his accounts?' I asked.

'No,' was the reply; 'he was accurate and honest, but his muddy boots and dirty collar were a disgrace to the office. I was ashamed to have a patron of the house come into the office when he was there. I disliked to tell him why he was discharged, but I couldn't do otherwise.

'"You have insulted me!" he said.

'"Well, Mr. Carter, you have insulted me nearly every morning for three years," I replied; "perhaps you did not see it in that light, but it is a fact, nevertheless; and not only me, but my customers as well."'

The writer is slightly acquainted with a surgeon, who, though past middle age, has met with indifferent success in his calling. He is a very skilled surgeon, and has performed successfully some very delicate operations. The thought has occurred to me that perhaps a certain carelessness of dress is responsible for his lack of practice. It may be that there are those who hesitate to employ him, fearing lest the carelessness that is betrayed in his dress should creep into the prescription or rob of its cunning the hand that holds the lance.

'Tom is teacher's pet,' says some indignant schoolboy; 'she is always helping him. If we were to analyze the qualities that tend to make Tom the teacher's favorite, we would find in the majority of cases that a great factor is personal neatness. It is the boy with the clean hands, the clean tongue, and clothes clean, though ragged, who wins favor in the teacher's eyes.

A schoolmate of mine, by far the most poorly-dressed boy in the class, was also one of the slowest pupils to grasp an idea, but somehow the teacher made it a point to take special pains with him. I doubt if many of us understood the reason for this at the time, but it is plain now. He had a desperate hand-to-hand battle with his books for years, but finally he conquered, and to-day he is one of the most promising young physicians of his city. I meet him occasionally, and I notice that the same tidiness that marked his earlier years still clings to him. Of course certain kinds of work necessitate soiled clothes and the absence of starched linen. But this aside, every young person may be at all times clean and neat, and personal cleanliness and neatness are real factors in winning success.

In the race of life the temperate man has the best of it; the drinking man is handicapped. Great things have been done while the brain was excited by stimulants, but greater things would have been done had there been no artificial stimulation. The sober man is always an improvement on the drunken man.—'Memphis Commercial Appeal.'

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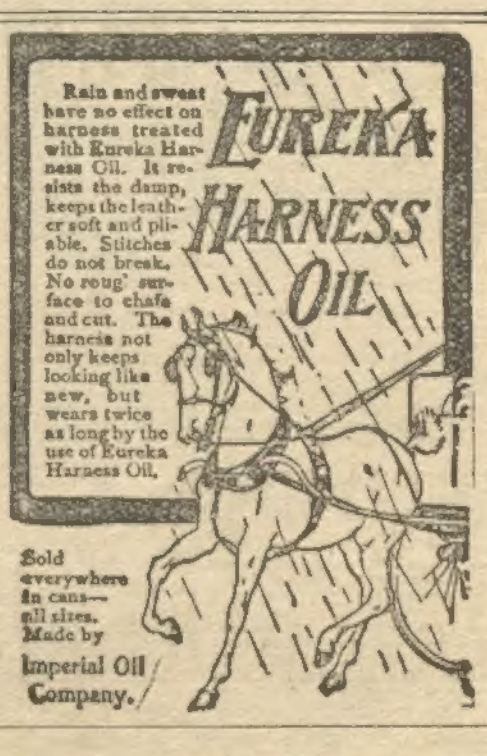
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Powerful **Field Glasses.** Objects miles away brought very near. A wonderful instrument. Amusing and instructive. Real achromatic lenses, morocco covered tubes, telescope action, satin lined morocco carrying case with strap, **given** for selling at **15c.** each only **8** handsome pieces of Jewelry, Stick Pins, Lockets, Cuff Links, Hat Pins, etc., and helping us to get a few more agents. Every piece of our Jewelry looks worth 50c. At 15c. you can sell it all in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send the Jewelry postpaid. **We trust you. The CANADIAN PREMIUM SYNDICATE, Dept. N. F. Toronto**

EASILY EARNED

This magnificent **Sideboard, 75 inches high,** elaborately carved and highly polished by hand, golden oak finish with high gloss, double top with shaped and moulded edges, **bevelled plate mirror,** 14 x 24 inches, three drawers and china cabinets with locks and keys, solid brass trimmings, ball bearing castors. A massive, rich piece of furniture, **given Absolutely Free** for selling at **15c.** each only **2 doz.** handsome pieces of Jewelry, Hat Pins, Brooches, Cuff Links, Lockets, etc., and helping us to get a few more agents. Every piece of Jewelry we send you looks well worth 50c. At our price **15c.** they sell like hot cakes. This elegant Sideboard will cost you only a little of your spare time. You think it impossible that we can give such a magnificent Sideboard for so little work, but the publisher of this paper can tell you we do exactly what we say. Write to-day and we will send the Jewelry postpaid. We trust you to sell it and return us the money. **THE CANADIAN PREMIUM SYNDICATE. Dept. N. S. B. Toronto**

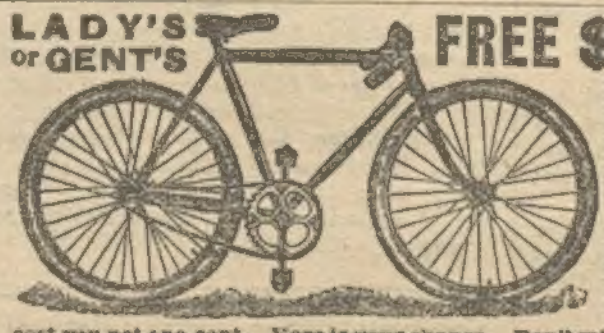
JEWELLED GOLD WATCH FREE

Gold cased, stem wind, double Hunting case, elegantly **engraved,** richly **inlaid,** set with **clusters of** brilliant, sparkling, imitation **Diamonds, Rubies, Emeralds,** etc., **fancy Gold Hands** beautifully colored dial, imported works, elaborately jewelled, and **guaranteed** to keep accurate time. This elegant Watch looks well **Worth $50.00. You can get it Free** for selling at 10c. each only 2 doz. packages of delicious Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders, and helping us to secure a few more agents. One package of our wonderful Flavoring Powder equals 15c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. **Everybody buys. Don't miss this Chance. We trust you.** Write and we mail the Flavoring Powders postpaid. **THE HOME SUPPLY CO., Box N. J. TORONTO**

BARGAIN SALE

Remnants of SILK RIBBONS almost FREE

We have recently purchased several Thousand Dollars worth of Ribbon Remnants, in London, England, much below the actual cost of manufacture. We are thereby enabled to offer the lady readers of this paper **an immense bargain** in choice Ribbons. They are all from **one to three yards in length,** and some **3 inches wide.** Amongst these Ribbons are some of the very finest quality, Crown Edge, Gros-Grain, Moire, Picot Edge, Satin Edge, Silk Brocades, Striped Ottoman and various other plain and fancy styles, in a variety of fashionable colors, **all shades and widths,** suitable for Bonnet Strings, Neckwear, Trimmings for Hats and Dresses, Bows, Scarfs, etc., etc. All first class. No lady can purchase such fine Ribbons as these at any store in the land for many times our price. **Don't miss this Bargain. Mrs. W. Gallagher, East Clifton, Que., says:** "I consider your Ribbons the cheapest Bargain I ever got." Price, per box, only 35c., or 3 boxes for 90c. postpaid. Millinery Supply Co., Box N. 84, Toronto.



LADY'S or GENT'S FREE $40.00 BICYCLE

Brand new, Lady's or Gent's, 1902 model. Not or cent to pay. All we ask is a little of your time. **A real Bicycle, High Grade, Brand new,** with every up-to-date feature—best seamless steel tubing, finely enamelled Diamond frame, all other metal parts made from best steel, well finished and handsomely nickel plated; good pneumatic tires, rock elm rims, bar steel hubs, improved saddle, new style handle bars, etc., etc. High grade ball bearings throughout—in fact a regular $40.00 Bicycle free to you for selling only **2** doz. handsome pieces of Jewelry, Hat Pins, Stick Pins, Cuff Links, Brooches, etc., that look worth 50c. at only **15c.** each, and helping us to get a few more agents. Please **remember,** you have to sell only $3.60 worth of Jewelry. **The Bicycle will cost you not one cent. Here is your chance. Don't miss it.** One agent says: "I am well pleased with my Bicycle. It is the easiest running wheel I have ever been on. FRANK CLEMENTS, TARA, ONT." Write to-day, and we will send you the Jewelry, on credit, postpaid. Address, **The Canadian Premium Syndicate, Box N. B., Toronto.**

97 PIECES FREE DINNER AND TEA SET

Elegantly decorated English China, 12 Dinner Plates, 12 Tea Plates, 12 Soup Plates, 12 Cups, 13 Saucers, 12 Fruit Saucers, 12 Butter Pads, 2 Vegetable Dishes, 2 Covers, 1 10-inch Meat Platter, 1 14-inch Meat Platter, 1 Gravy Boat, 1 Tea Pot and Cover, 1 Sugar Bowl and Cover, 1 Creamer and 1 Slop Bowl—in all **97 full size Pieces** of handsome decorated China **given away** for selling only 2 doz. packages of delicious Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders, at 10c. each, and helping us to secure a few more Agents. Our 10c. packages of Flavoring Powders are equal to 15c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and are far better. You can sell the whole 2 doz. packages in a few minutes. Every house-keeper buys one or more. This handsome set will not cost you one cent. All the 97 Pieces are **full size** for family use. All you have to sell is 2 doz. 10c. packages of our wonderful Flavoring Powders. **We trust you fully.** Write to-day and we will send you the Powders postpaid. **Don't miss this Chance. The Home Supply Co., Box N. T., Toronto.**

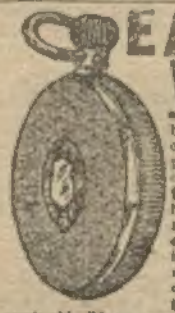
FACE TO FACE WITH THE MAN IN THE MOON. LARGE POWERFUL TELESCOPE ALMOST GIVEN AWAY

Needed by Farmers, Ranchmen, Sailors, Hunters, Tourists, etc. Of use to everybody. A great source of Amusement and Instruction. Made by the largest Telescope Manufacturer in the World. **Measures nearly 3 ft.** when open. Fitted with **powerful lenses,** carefully ground and adjusted with scientific exactness. Brass bound tubes, both ends protected by brass dust caps. It brings objects miles distant so close that you feel as if you could put out your hand and touch them. **We sold over 1,700** Telescopes last year and all our **customers** were **well pleased** with them and astonished at their cheapness. **William Sites, Blackville, N.B., writes:** "Inclosed find $2.00, for which send me two more Telescopes. I am very much pleased with the one I got, and some friends of mine want one like it." **Alva Froom, Meckston, Ont., says:** "I received the 99c. Telescope all right. It is a dandy. I would not take three times what I paid for it if I could not get another one like it." **Beattie Gibson, Chilliwack, B.C., writes:** "Your 99c. Telescope brings objects miles away very near to me." Telescopes of this size have **formerly sold** at from **$5.00 to $10.00. Our Special Introductory Price only 99c. postpaid. A Grand Bargain.** Don't miss it. **Mail Order Supply Co., Box N. S.** Toronto.

CHOICE SILK REMNANTS 600 INCHES 15c

Delighted customers by hundreds testify to their marvellous cheapness. All of **our pieces come from silk tie factories,** where, as you know, only the best silks are used. These silks cost from **$2.00 to $5.00 a yard.** They are **all of good size for fancy work,** and are of **priceless value** for making Crazy Quilts, Drapes, Sofa Pillows, Tidies, Pincushions, etc. The variety of colors and designs is almost endless. They are of **every conceivable pattern;** plaids, polka dots, stripes, checks, etc., etc., **all of the handsomest and brightest colors.** Of the many dozens contained in each package **no two pieces are alike.** Having purchased the entire output of Remnants from all the Canadian tie factories, we are at present offering the Lady readers of this paper **the greatest bargain in choice rich silk remnants ever heard of. WE POSITIVELY GUARANTEE ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION. Each package contains over 600 square inches.** Price, postpaid, 1 package, 15c.; 3—25c.; 8—50c. Mail Order Supply Co., Box 401, Toronto

EARN THIS WATCH



by selling at **10c.** each only **10** packages of Ancient Chinese blue black **Ink Powder** and securing a few more agents for us. Each package makes five 5c. bottles (25c. worth), of superior ink. It is so **cheap** and useful that **everybody buys.** This handsome watch has polished **silver nickel** open face case, the back **elaborately engraved,** with keyless wind imported works, genuine lever escapement, an exact and reliable timekeeper. With care **it will last ten years.** Write to-day and we will send the 10 packages postpaid. **You can** sell them and **earn this Watch in a few minutes.** Western Ink Co **Box N. Y.** Toronto.

EARN THIS COUCH

Handsome Velours Tufted Couch Given for selling at **10c.** each only 2½ doz. packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders, and helping us to get a few more agents. One package equals 15c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. Every woman will buy one or more packages. This elegant and stylish Couch has frame of best selected hardwood, mahogany finish, finest tempered steel springs, full deep spring edge, head and seat, stuffed with best excelsior, upholstered in high quality, fast toned figured velours in all the latest colors, as desired, dark and myrtle green, peacock blue, maroon, old rose, crimson, etc. **Deep Tufting, full roll head,** ornamental rosettes, a magnificent piece of furniture that will cost you only a little of your spare time. Write to day and we will send the Flavoring Powders postpaid. We trust you. **HOME SUPPLY CO.** BOX N. C., **Toronto.**

LAUGH AND GROW FAT. DANCING SKELETON

14 inches high, with movable arms and legs. After allowing the spectators to examine it to prove there is no hidden mechanism you lay it on the table and ask someone to whistle a tune, when to the astonishment of everybody, the skeleton raises its head, and peers about cautiously, then slowly gets upon its feet and seeming to hear the music begins to dance. As the whistling becomes livelier so does the magic skeleton keeping time to the music. Affords hours of fun and completely mystifies everyone. Price, with directions, 10c. **THE NOVELTY CO., BOX 401 TORONTO.**

FREE ROCKER

Full size, Golden Oak or Mahogany finish, highly polished, embossed leather **cobbler seat,** brass trimmings and carved back, a most substantial, **comfortable** and handsome piece of furniture given **absolutely free** for selling at **15c.** each only 10 handsome Jewelry novelties, Lockets, Cuff Links, Brooches, Hat Pins, etc., and helping us to get a few more agents. Each piece of Jewelry looks worth 50c. At our price 15c. they sell like hot cakes. This elegant Rocker will cost you only a little of your spare time. Write to-day and we will send you the Jewelry postpaid. **We trust you. Canadian Premium Syndicate,** Dept. N. R., Toronto.

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